TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

The General Conference of the Methodist Church, just closed at Montreal, and next to the Birchall trial the event of the week, saw fit to leave unchanged the powers of the Stationing committee, and, as Bro. Tait would say, they have "as much priest-craft to the square inch as ever." The lay brethren have to do the listening, at least a portion of it, and not unreasonably suggest that they should have a voice in selecting the "preaching vessel" to whom they must attune their ears. Then, again, they have to do the paying, and the old rule of paying your money and taking your choice, it seems to them, should hold good in the matter of preachers as well as neckties. At least this is the view of all those who do not entertain the ecclesiastical idea that as the parsons are the teachers and the laity are those who are to be taught, the spiritual fathers, regardful of the good rather than the choice of the congregations, should send men to do the work. In the Catholic church the bishops, almost without regard to the preferences of the parish will station or remove priests. As a matter of fact the Methodist church is managed in much the same way. When a church has been organized or built up by a preacher of a special sort of ability the congregation naturally prefers that kind of a man and their preference should have weight. No one becomes more dogmatic than do the preachers, after they have had their own way for twenty or thirty years and been toadied to and reverenced as if they were little tin gods on wheels. It is then that they begin to think that they know it all, and speak of the churches they have built, the money they have raised and the souls they have saved, with an occasional reference to God's blessing in parenthesis, as if they had been the great moral and spiritual force in the whole business. As a matter of fact the pious laity, never too numerous in any locality, are to a much greater extent than the preacher the beacon light which guides the ungodly into the fold. If this be true of the laity, when a church really has a spiritual foundation and the salvation of sinners continues to be its main object, how much more forcible is such an argument when a church has degenerated into a "Sunday club" where the sermon and singing are separated from each other by prayer with one number just as much a part of the programme as the other. It seems to me that the Metropolitan church had just as much right to elect its pastor as the Granite Club has the right to elect a president. The aims of the two organizations are somewhat different, the class of entertainment is not the same, but the social idea dominates them both. It is whispered that financially the Metropolitan church has not been very successful under its present pastor, and that efforts have for a year past been making to obtain a more popular elocutionist for its pulpit. In young Mr. McKee they would have had this, but there are still some members of the Metropolitan who cling to the old idea that the church is for the worship of God and the doing of good, and an agreement was not arrived at. This is a typical church, and of one thing we may be certain, that the members of it understand their necessities as well, or better, than they can be understood by a stationing committee.

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The influence of the stationing committee has no doubt decreased in the same ratio with the spirituality of the class meeting. When, in the days of fervid piety, the worshippers felt themselves moved by the Spirit from on high, they trusted in the guidance of a power which seemed to be doing all things well. As their numbers increased, and the same Almighty hand cleared the path for the astounding progress which the Methodist Church has made, the most godly men, those of the most self-sacrificing and pious lives, were placed on the stationing committee and the work done by them was in harmony with the unceasing effort of the laity. Since the church has become rich and five thousand dollar pastorates lie alongside those which can pay but five hundred per annum, the brethren have begun to "hustle," the preachers to get the big pulpits, and the laity to get the big preachers, and the sanctity which once enrapt the work of placing the preachers and of paying them and of heeding their preaching has more or less disappeared.

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Without intending any disrespect to the Methodist Church, I am free to admit that I hold it, in this country, as being next to the church of Rome, both in method and power. The methods of these two churches are as opposite as it is possible for one to conceive, yet the results appear to me largely the same. They are both dominated by the clergy. In one forgiveness of sins is obtained from the priest by good works or such works as the priest determines are good; in the other emotionalism takes the place of penance, and feeling right brings absolution. In both instances the devotee may be right, it is barely possible in both instances he may be wrong. While it seems to me possible for one man to be contented by being told he is forgiven it is easier for another to arrive at the same conclusion by working up his enthusiasm and singing or praying himself into a happy frame of mind. However this may be, there is a vast deal of formalism in both, a vast deal of faith in church-going, in observing forms and feasts, in despising those that the clergy despise and voting as the clergy advise, and in both there is a cohesiveness which makes it extremely unpleasant for those who have been anathematized.

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Some time ago, when the Order of Deaconesses was first suggested, I commented on the nearer approach of Methodism to Romanism. I am glad to see that in the Conference a large number of the brethren took the same view, but the general opinion seems to have favored the establishment of an order of Methodist nuns. There was some compunction about making them live in a nunnery, take vows for life and wear a uniform garb, but these were passed over as trifling details and it was suggested that such methods would not have to be resorted to, though really I can't see how the scheme will succeed without such regulations. There was quite a variety of opinion as to just what shape the order of deaconesses should take. Dr. Stewart felt that they were a little late in organizing as many of their best young women had gone into the Salvation Army. Dr. D. G. Sutherland felt that they needed some branch of church work where women could labor and have the work support them. This was a sensible remark. The women have been the prop and pillar of the Methodist Church for many years; men have been able "to live on the work," women have not; they certainly should have a chance to sit on the treasury benches. The Rev. Mr. Stratton intimated that women had an ample opportunity for work in the women's Christian associations, the W. C. T. U., missionary societies, etc., and he felt impressed "that this order would have the effect of keeping all other women out of church work, who would think that the deaconesses should do everything." Dr. Griffin said that he had a body like the one proposed by Mr. Phillips now, and young men belonged to it. This made the brethren laugh. Taken altogether, the discussion proves that the proxy idea is developing. When men folks got tired being religious they hired preachers to do their religious work for them, and now it seems as if even the sisters were beginning to weaken a little and feel as if some one ought to be engaged to help them through with their work for the Lord. The next movement will be to have paid teachers in the Sunday school. We cannot expect our young people to devote their Sunday afternoon to teaching youngsters the way to heaven when good teachers can be hired at a reasonable rate. We must beware lest this religious business, as a business, becomes so extended and expensive that finally people will begin to ask themselves if it is religion at all; and, then, if it be not religion at all, why should they burden themselves with it; and, then, all at once there will be a general taking away from the careless hands of those who have been holding them, the functions which have been left to religio-secular management.

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Just one more feature of this Conference and my duty as critic will be over for the present. What a spectacle it was when the Methodist preachers were clamoring and raising a holy row about a demanded government grant to a Methodist school. These gentlemen, who were Equal Righters when the Catholics were getting a grant from the Government, were greedier than the Jesuits themselves when it came to a grant for themselves. Wasn't it frightful to hear them shouting at Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the leader of the Third Party; forsooth, shouting at him because he had not been able to manipulate the Government in proper style. And what a spectacle for gods and men it was when the Rev. Third Party Sutherland had to arise and threaten to resign because his brethren decided that he had not been sufficiently energetic in what ordinary politicians would call "pulling the Government's leg." And what they wanted, too, was exactly what Equal Righters have been denouncing the Quebec government for doing in the Jesuit case—giving public money to a religious body. It makes a vast deal of difference, brethren, doesn't it, which way the long green bills are going! Purity and righteousness should be the nation's guide, so saith the Third Party preacher. And yet he was beset by his own brethren! Dear! dear! it's really dreadful when we come to scrutinize it!

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I have before me four letters all from young ladies who tell me they intend to compete for the prize offered by SATURDAY NIGHT for the best story. Two of them have some idea of trying for both the "big folks'" story and the children's tale, and one tells me in confidence that she has verses by her which may possibly be in the race for the prize poem. In every instance my advice is asked as to certain little tricks in story writing and as to what kind of story is most likely to succeed. I don't know enough about it to help you much, but what I have to offer must be given to all who see fit to compete, and if it is of any good it will thus assist all those who feel like trying their wings for the first time.

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Firstly.—Do you feel that you have a story to tell? When looking over MS submitted to me it generally seems as if the writers had "taken pen in hand" to write something, no matter what. I had a little four year old niece who took great pride in a story she used to tell her smaller relatives, and was wont to boast that she could tell it for half an hour. It ran something like this: "Once der wad a man who had a hoss she said, and der hoss wad a bid hoss she said, and all over and around der hoss wad red she said, and der man had der hoss she said, and he tud go all over and around so she said, and der hoss was red (in conclusion), but der hoss went dead she said, and der red hoss went dead she said, and dat's all." She was always good for the half of an evening on that story, and I have given all the facts she used. Now if anyone feels that he or she has a story to tell, the first thing is to settle whether it is worth telling. If you think you have something which has not been told, which, were it the property of another and told to you would be interesting or thrilling, give it shape in your mind, and begin. Very likely your first chapter or two or three will be too prolix and you will only be finding your feet in chapter iv. If so make No. 4 your starting place and in a few touches you will be able to convey all the reader needs to know of your characters prior to that point. Do not wake your characters up in the morning, follow them to dinner, eat tea with them, guide them to bed, sit up with them o'nights. Just give us glimpses of them when the little plot is unraveling itself or while the scene is filled with interest. When you have given the reader a glimpse of what is to become of them, quit; leave the remainder to the imagination. While everyone likes to be given credit for some discernment, no one is fond of having it wind up "and der hoss went dead she said and dat's all."

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Follow Carlyle's advice, "Be sincere and you will be original." Let your heart suggest what to you would be the most thrilling story, let your imagination run wild in the telling of it, let your reason, your taste—*not your fear*—prune it down and shape the style. Do it all by your lonely self till you get it into shape and then keep still if you have no one to go to whose taste and skill is not better than your own. After you have finished your first copy take a blue lead pencil and go over and cross out every adverb and adjective. Read it over twice without them and you will probably never put them in again. Beware of fancy names; make your characters say nothing which you would not say under similar circumstances and you will be sure of one thing at least—what you write will not be absurd.

* * *

Thank heaven the Birchall case is over. For ten days we have had nothing else. I did not read it because I felt no interest in it, or in anyone concerned, but I suppose with few exceptions the general public looked as eagerly for the details of the trial as for breakfast or supper. If he were only to be hung on the fourteenth of October instead of November we would get rid all the more easily of the sickening repetition of the Birchall and Benwell names. Publicly expressed sympathy for the wife of the murderer is of no use to her. While everyone feels sorry for her as a woman and inclined to condone her offences, yet the fact remains that she is a very poor type of womanhood, and were it not for her wifely devotion to her miserable husband, but little had been found in either of them to excite the commiseration of those who have enjoyed this trial as a perfect circus of delight.

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When one is happy, either at work or surrounded by friends, it is difficult to imagine the possibilities of meaningless misery there is in one's make-up. I am miserable now, abjectly miserable, and there is no special reason for it—there never is a reason for the dreadful dumps we get into. The hopeless, acute misery which comes from a material and definable cause is an entirely different complaint. Were I to know what is the matter with me I might find it to be indigestion, or a disordered liver and proceed to dose myself, but I simply feel that the financial, social, literary, moral and religious heavens are darkened, that depressing clouds and murky gloom envelope everything, and I'm almost sorry I'm alive. It's a shocking state of mind for a grown person to be in; but we all fall into abominable dumps sometimes, and like sea-sickness it is such a condition of collapse that we haven't spunk enough to be ashamed of it and the undignified spectacle we present to mentally healthy spectators. Indeed, I am always as determined to seclude myself from observation when I feel this way, as if I were likely to need the services of the steward and the nasty tin bucket, which are apt to be part of one's recollection of a voyage. Sea-sickness is likely to do one good if not too greatly prolonged, and this mental or emotional nausea is not unlikely to be beneficial to healthy natures when they recover from the disturbance of their balance. Even writing this paragraph has done me good and settled the stomach of my imagination, so to speak. Perhaps, as an example of how to cure these little troubles it may be worth making public. Anything which bothers me in a special way or keeps fretting me when I want to think of something else, I take as my text and write upon till I feel better. As a rule such screeds go into the waste basket but the putting of the symptoms into words breaks the spell, particularly when one reads the silly stuff which has been written. If you are young and get that desolating complaint, love-sickness, write down a description of the dreadful things you suffer, read it all over, hide the damning evidences of your immaturity, and when you feel a little better read your mushy vaporings and you will be at least half cured. Repeat this process a few times and your agony will be over, but be careful not to let the proof of your folly fall into the hands of anybody who may produce it after your recovery and repentance. All other emotional disorders may be cured in the same way; simply preserve the written testimony of your disordered condition till you are well enough to be disgusted with yourself and it is done. This period of convalescence comes as a rule, just as soon as you have half your trouble written out; in nine cases out of ten the writer of his or her own unendurable sufferings will tear up the paper and call himself or herself a simpleton before one page of woe is completed.

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Both as to length of days and the possibilities of achievement life seems a long and glorious thing when it is before us, but when we look back at it or a considerable section of it, how short and unsatisfactory an affair it appears. I had a birthday this week and that probably accounts for the dumps. Not long ago I asked James Beaty sr., once of the *Leader*, who must be between ninety and one hundred years of age, how old he was. With an odd smile on his wrinkled face, he replied, "I'm a widower, you know, and I never tell." I'm not quite so old, but I reckon I'll follow the old journalist's wisdom and never tell my age.

* * *

I've no present desire to die and ascertain the facts concerning the Beyond, but I really don't want to live to become a withered and decrepit evidence of how useless and forgotten very old men become. In the choice between exploring the Thither Shore and exploiting the possibilities of human forgetfulness, callous duty, or the ingratitude so often developed by those left in charge of old age, I would prefer embarking with the shadowy boatman on the Sourceless River be-

THE NEW CLERK.

fore a twenty-five cent announcement states that: "At the age of eighty-five and at the residence of his great grandson, Don passed peacefully away, too infirm to say good-bye to the hired nurse who closed his dim eyes and folded his poor, useless old hands on the shrunken flannel of his nightshirt." No thanks! Ye kind gods lead me off, whether at the moment I'm willing or not, before my task is finished, and I have been paid and discharged and my job given to some one else.

*

Coming down Yonge street a woman with three youngsters sat opposite me. She was poorly dressed and worried, the youngsters were cleanly frocked and the image of their mother. The baby—six months old perhaps, began to wah-h-h, then to howl and finally to shriek. Poor thing, how she worked with that screeching boy. I know it was a boy, no girl would ever bellow like he did. As I watched the thin tired arm as it dandled the child I wondered how it could find strength! For twenty minutes the fat little screamer kept up his lay and the mother never relaxed her efforts—on behalf of the passengers I'm sure—to quiet him. I couldn't help watching her baby-arm, thin, poorly clad, forever wound about an infant—the other two were but a year or two out of arms. What can life be worth to her? What pleasure can she have? It isn't six years since she was in her girlhood, now she is tired, awfully tired, and just ready to cry. The little red-haired conductor stops a High Park and Queen street car and carries the little fellows over, while the infant still wah-h-h's in his mother's arms. The bright summer time of her life is being spent in having babies as fast as nature will permit and in taking care of them as far as nature will provide strength. I think someone ought to go and speak to that woman's husband. If he saw her as I did he'd be good to her—and ashamed of himself. DON.

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The Mystery of the Panelled House, a very interesting Romance by Everett Green, (a distinguished English serial writer) begins in SATURDAY NIGHT next week. It is a copyright story and will not be published in book form.

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## Social and Personal.

The races were, of course, the one event of last week, though I must say that they are not so well attended as the May meet. Fashion and beauty are not as fully represented in the autumn, and perhaps I had the root of the matter when a gay society woman said with a shiver, "It was too cold." It was chilly on the stand, and cloaks were real comforts. Many of those present wore seal mantles, and the rich dark fur had a most cosy effect and looked striking when it was worn, as it was in many cases, with small flower bonnets. The flowers were scattered, though, and many of the hats worn were of felt. The races proved quite interesting, and I fancy that those who neglected to go feel just a little sorry now. Among the many who were there I noticed Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mrs. Cameron, Mr. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Miss Hodgins, Sir George Baden-Powell, Mr. and Miss Wilkie, Hon. Frank Smith, Miss Smith, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Miss Rutherford, Mr. and Miss Bickford, Mr. Delamere, the Misses Hendrie of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mrs. Forsyth-Grant, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Capt. and Mrs. McDougall, Mr. Evans, Miss Taylor of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Foy, Miss Vankoughnet, Miss Loye, Miss Otter, Mr. Laurie, Major Harrison, Mr. Morrow, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. Michie, Capt. Howard of Winnipeg, Mr. Pipon, Mr. Armstrong.

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Mrs. Langmuir entertained a number of friends at dinner on Thursday evening. The dinner-party was given in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jack Langmuir of Niagara Falls, Ont., who is at present Mrs. Langmuir's guest.

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Mrs. Yarker of Beverley street gave a small dance this week.

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Miss Elsie Armour of Cobourg is the guest of Mrs. Bristol on Huron street.

*

Sir Richard Cartwright has taken rooms at the Arlington for the winter.

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Dr. Larratt Smith and family have returned to Toronto, and will remain at the Arlington for the winter.

*

Miss Allan, daughter of the late Sir Hugh Allan of Montreal, is in town. Miss Allan is a guest at the Arlington Hotel.

*

Mrs. Cameron of Carlton street gave a delightful dinner on Friday evening of last week. Among those present were: Miss Campbell, Mrs. Bankes, Miss Langmuir, Miss Hodgins, Miss Crooks, Mr. Torrance, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Mr. Gamble and Mr. Scott.

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Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street had a most exciting trip to Woodstock on Monday last, on the *Globe* train, which leaves the city at the uncomfortably early hour of 3.50 a.m.

*

Miss Wilson of Spadina crescent gave afternoon tea to a number of friends on Wednesday afternoon.

*

Mrs. Frank Hodgins of Rosedale entertained a number of friends at dinner on Friday evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Street Mackleim, Mr. and Mrs. Heaton, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Macklem, Mr. Hodgins, Miss Gussie Hodgins, Dr. and Mrs. Walker.

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Lieut.-Colonel Bremner of Halifax was in the city this week.

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An interesting marriage service took place on Wednesday, September 24, at Richmond Hill, when Miss Alice A. Percival and Mr. Robert A. Anderson of Vancouver were wedded. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. W. Percival, father of the bride, assisted by Rev. G. E. Freeman, B.A., of Deer Park. The bride wore an elegantly-fashioned gown of white silk with pearl embroidery. Orange blossoms fastened her veil and a diamond broach, the groom's gift, gleamed at her throat. The bridesmaids, Miss Fraser of Toronto and Miss Wallace of Newtonbrook, were attired in heliotrope satin and each carried a cluster of roses. The groom was supported by Rev. Atwood Percival and Mr. H. M. McCuaig, B. A. Among those present were: Rev. G. E. and Mrs. Freeman of Deer Park, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Moore of Toronto, Dr. L. G. and Miss Langstaff, the Misses Teefy, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Campbell, Mr. F. J. Gallanough of Thornhill, Mr. W. Wallace of Willowvale, Miss Sadie Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. C. Savage of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson departed on their wedding journey to Buffalo attended by the earnest good wishes of their assembled friends. They will return in a week, and shortly after will set out for their new home in Vancouver.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Murray have returned to the city, after their tour abroad.

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Miss Taylor of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Denison of Lake View avenue.

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Mrs. Cawthra and Mr. Cawthra, her son, sail this month for a trip around the world. In England they will meet Miss Cawthra, who has been pursuing her art studies on the Cornish coast.

*

Mrs. Davidson of St. George street welcomed a number of ladies to a delightful afternoon tea on Friday of last week. Among those present were Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, Miss Michie, Miss Reene, Miss Parsons, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Scott and Miss Bessie Macdonald.

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A very pretty wedding took place on Monday morning last at the Church of the Ascension when Miss Mabel Thompson of John street, was wedded to Mr. E. Newton May of Reading, England. The guests were limited to the family and near relatives of the contracting parties, with the addition of a few intimate friends of the bride. When the bridal procession reached the door of the church the organ pealed forth a bridal march, and all eyes were turned towards the bride as she came down the aisle leaning upon the arm of her venerable father. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. Grasett Baldwin, rector of the church. The bride was attended by four bridesmaids, Miss Lillian Thompson, her sister; Miss Frances Thompson of Penetanguishene, her cousin; Miss Millard of Burlington, Iowa, and Miss Ethel Linton, all of whom were becomingly attired in cream serge dresses. They wore red toques trimmed with poppies, and carried bouquets of scarlet geraniums. The bride looked charming in a costume of pearl grey cloth with Gainsborough hat to match. Her bouquet was of cream roses. The best man was Mr. Frank Southby of Clifton, England. Mr. and Mrs. May left at two o'clock for New York, whence they sailed for England on Wednesday morning, via City of Chester, on a six months visit to the home of the bridegroom. They intend returning in the spring to Canada, where they will in future reside. The popularity of the bride is attested by the large number of beautiful and valuable presents received by her. At the wharf a large number of friends assembled, and as the Chicora steamed out showers of rice and slippers followed the happy pair.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lindsey and family have returned to Beverley street, having spent the summer at their country residence, Buttonwood, on the Humber.

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Mr. George Lindsey, after spending the summer in the Maritime Provinces, reached home last Thursday. Mrs. Lindsey, who is in Montreal, will return towards the end of the month.

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Mr. M. Sweetnam, chief postoffice inspector, accompanied by his son, Dr. L. M. Sweetnam of this city, is making an official visit to Manitoba and British Columbia.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Morse, who have been visiting Mrs. Walker and Miss Kennedy, have returned to their home in Winnipeg.

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An Orangeville correspondent writes me of a pleasant event which took place at the residence of Mr. R. T. Haun of that town, on September 19. The occasion was the initial performance of a new drama, the Zulu Maid, from the pen of Mrs. Haun. About one hundred guests were present. The play was enthusiastically received and the author was the recipient of congratulations on all hands. The players were Mrs. Haun, Miss Ward, Miss McMillan, Miss B. Haun, Mr. W. J. L. McKay, and Mr. T. Wilson.

*

Miss Milligan of Dovercourt road has been visiting in Galt and is now in London, the guest of Mrs. Charles Hutchinson.

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It is rumored that a series of assemblies will take place during the coming winter under the auspices of the officers of the Royal Grenadiers. No doubt should the rumor prove true they will be largely and fashionably attended, and form one of the most enjoyable features of the season.

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Trinity church, St. Thomas, Ont., was crowded to its utmost capacity on Thursday evening, September 25, the occasion being the marriage of one of the most popular commercial travelers in Western Ontario, Mr. F. A. Turner, son of Mr. Charles F. Turner of Toronto, to Agnes Blanche Beatrice, eldest daughter of Mr. William Mickleborough of St. Thomas. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Hill, M.A. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers. The bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Riche and Miss Lucile Nicol, cousins of the bride, Miss Milly Mickleborough, sister of the bride, and Miss Florence Turner, sister of the groom, while Mr. Philip Turner, brother of the groom, officiated as best man. The party returned from the church to Mr. Mickleborough's residence, where a reception was held, after which supper was partaken of. The happy couple left on the 11.45 train for New York, and on their return will take up their residence at 440 Euclid avenue, Toronto.

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### Recognized the Name.

Elevator Boy (to old Mr. Kentuck, who has just arrived at the hotel)—Will you take an elevator, sir?

Old Kentuck (smiling broadly)—Wa-al, I don't keer of I do. I'm feelin' a little low-spirited jes' at present.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Ladies' Cricket.

There was a good deal of heart-beat and excitement on the Toronto Cricket ground last Tuesday, September 30. Hopes rose and fell hurriedly. Confidences and certainties went nowhere. Possible triumphs, unexpected losses, despair, applause and joy were jumbled together wildly—and only one side won. This was at the return match between the Shanly-Bethune combination and the eleven that was captained last year by Miss Moss. This year there were some changes on both sides; and in the last-mentioned team new and valuable material had been acquired—and also lost. Ought young ladies to be referred to thus as "material"? Well, if they were immaterial they would be of no use for cricket. The diaphanous hold-me-or-I'll-faint young person has been relegated to the past—*R. I. P.*—and interest now increases in proportion to a girl's ability to "get there"—not necessarily with both feet but only, if no more be possible, with the point of the bat—as one did on Tuesday when, in danger of being run out, she fell, slid a little, and stretching out her bat at full length just got it over the white line in time to hear those blessed words "not out." All right. Pick up the pieces. Go ahead!

There was some inquiry before the game commenced as to what these two elevens called themselves. The Shanly eleven claimed that that they were now all honorary members of the Toronto Cricket Club.

"But T. C. C. does not express your femininity!"

"Then what's the matter with *Toronto Ladies' Cricket Club?*"

"Everything. There is no club of that name, and life is too short to be calling you 'the female portion of the Toronto Cricket Club.'"

"Then call us simply the Toronto Cricket Club!" This was accepted, but with doubt. "And what about the others? I cannot call them 'The Others.' It is not a case of Romans and—barbarians."

"Oh, they can call themselves the East-enders."

"Why East-enders? True, some few live east of Yonge street, but in spite of this fate, have we not all the desirable instincts of West-enders. *Parbleu*, think you that we populate the Don Flats? Perish the thought!"

So it was left to the scorers to think out a good name. But although your correspondent has in the matter of coaching taken a fatherly interest in this team he has no desire to usurp the offices of godfather. It is true that by their brilliant success they have, as the saying is, made a great name for themselves; still, nobody has yet found out what that name is; so, for the purposes on this account only, and without prejudice, and to save printer's ink, let us call them *Les Anonymes.*

The players could not have been more fortunate as regards the weather. The warm, soft air seemed to be borrowed from August. The park trees encircling the broad expanse of green sward framed in a pretty scene, and the frame was not the best part of the picture, as in a good deal of Canadian art. In the frame, the maple trees, already wrapped by ruthless frost, "told of his chill embrace in blushes fair"—also of the coming coal bill—and, in the middle ground, the lithe fleeting forms of many maidens, like so many Atalantas, keen, earnest, with short unruly locks sometimes blowing clear of their piquant cricket caps. Ah, yes, the day was perfect and complete. So was the umpire. Reverend Scott Howard made no mistakes; and it was pleasant to think that over this scene of health, freedom and beauty the church could extend its benign sanction and promptly and infallibly say, "not out" whenever *Les Anonymes* and others seemed in danger.

*La Capitaine* Cassels won the toss and went to the bat. She sent in Miss Low and Miss Bailey—both fair players and rare fielders. Miss Moss trundled a maiden from the north end, and Miss E. Bethune then commenced at the other. But these batters were nervous. One could see from their play that they were unmistakably rattled; and as a consequence Miss Low's wickets rattled also—as if in echo—horribly—fatally. As she retired, bowled by Miss E. Bethune, I scored down a great big O—chiefly as an exclamation of regret. Miss E. Scott then joined Bailey, but Bailey would not stay with her. She hit her wicket. Why—oh why? Two out—for nothing. Then Miss Howard joined E. Scott.

"Now," said *Les Anonymes*, confidently, "you will see what muscle can do." And, in good sooth, it did let out finely in a drive for two, off Moss. How those first two runs were appreciated by the disheartened ones who were waiting to go to the bat. And, when E. Scott snicked a couple more singles, how they fairly shrieked in concert!

"Don't scream like that!" said one, who had screamed herself.

"I will. I've got to. What am I here for but to scream? Aha! There's Lucy aga in! Good hit! Oh, she's a darling! Run it out! Two on it! Two—two—two!— Oh, bot her! Big stupid! why didn't she run two on it?"

A moment more, and Miss Howard then passed away also—deeply regretted—bowled E. Bethune, for 3. La Capitaine now joined E. Scott, who secured another single and then got secured herself by E. Bethune in a clever catch. Miss Wedd took with her the last expiring hopes of many maidens. Miss Cassels tapped for one and timidly played some more balls, but not in her proper form; and then, notwithstanding all the praise she got in SATURDAY NIGHT last year, she got out, actually got out!—stumped E. Bethune. The girls said it was maddening to all to get out this way. Might there be tears over it? "*Hysterica passio!* Down, thou climbing sorrow." Five wickets for 7 runs! Ye gods!—and four of them taken by Miss E. Bethune. "Oughtn't she to be just put into the Birchall swamp? Oh, no—hush! there's her mother. She would object." (I repeat the remarks heard around me.)

Miss E. Cassels took her sister's place and stayed in some time, playing carefully, but only scoring 2, when Miss L. Shanly took her wicket. So far they had all gone out like smoke. Miss Wedd also succumbed to the epidemic, technically known as blue funk. But just at this point when all were aghast at the idea of seven wickets for 11 runs the courage of despair began to produce success. The only epidemic the remaining batters knew of was the grip—grip on victory. Miss M. Kirkpatrick got in with Miss H. Scott and ran up a valuable 7, when Miss Kirkpatrick came in. She and H. Scott then made up their minds to stay all day. Lots of singles, twos and even threes were chalked up. H. Scott's innings has been only equalled by the seige of Jerusalem. All sorts and conditions of bowlers spent themselves in vain upon her tenacious and aggravating defence. While she blocked nearly everything (managing, however, to add a priceless 13) Miss Kirkpatrick was hitting out much more freely. These two steadily refused to go over to the majority. H. Scott got a bad clip over one finger. "Oh," said some one near by, "I am afraid one of her fingers is disabled."

"Never mind," said another, "she has got nine more: and she must go on making runs so long as she has even a thumb left."

What a fiendish remark! And how excitedly good humoured! They were ready, these girls, to go through fire and water.

Then Miss M. Sullivan went in—a wiry slip of a girl, with fire and a laugh in her eye, with no more knowledge of cricket than of ballooning, but with an Irish daring that was going to swipe cousin Moss for three or perish in the attempt. And she did. It was simply delicious to see the merry confidence with which she ran out to catch her cousin's bowling on the fly and wipe it for three—with all the precision of one who surely knows neither failure nor fear. She made a spirited seven, irresistibly Irish and wildly unscientific, and then skied one to E. Bethune who as usual did not refuse. Here was a short existence for the wicket, but surely she lived every minute of it.

All out for 66—extras 6—total 72. Miss Kirkpatrick made the large and admirable score of 28—not out—put together with skill and good judgment. Her playing decided the day.

The T. C. C., or T. L. C. C., then went in at once. The Misses Moss and Crooks to the bat, Moss opened the ball, or very nearly opened it, with a drive to the on for three, then a two, three singles, two 3's, one 4, and so on; playing with all her accustomed brilliancy and complete ease. She carried her bat for 31. Crooks was run out for 4. Of course when Moss, Q.C., opened out, as above, all hope was over *pour les Anonymes.* But as the dangerous batters of the enemy's side began to drop away before the deadly bowling of Wedd and Bailey then hope demanded a re-incarnation. Miss E. Shanly, caught by E. Scott, retired for 3. Miss E. Bethune cheerfully retired—to a ball from E. Scott—without having been scored. Wedd then clean bowled Miss M. Bethune, for 1. Miss L. Shanly was also contented with 1, caught, E. Scott. The score was now 5 wickets for 47 runs. Was there a chance? Miss Moss could easily make the necessary 25 off her own bat; but nobody would stay with Moss. Miss Crombie added 3, and was bowled by Wedd, 6 for 50. Great Guns! could the rest of the team put up 22 more? Miss F. Shanly went down almost immediately before Wedd. O, ye birds of the air and little fishes! 9 wickets for 50! Selah! Then Miss A. Bethune bowed her head before Bailey. Where she bowed, there she went down! Where she went down there also did she disappear! "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!" *Eight* wickets for 50. Then Miss L. Moss joined her sister. What might these two sisters do? Ah! how horribly well this new one played that ball! She will make the 22 herself. But no!—ha! ha! Yells. Bailey has got her! Great is Bailey—Diana of the Anonymes. O, ye sharks and whales, and other creeping things, have a good time! *Nine* wickets down for 50! And then Miss Stennett goes to the bat. A pause. A couple of anxious balls. But get out of the way! We cannot see! What is that musical sound? 'Tis the immortal Bailey playing the wooden piano on Stennett's wickets! Aha! Victory! *Vive la gloire!* Let her go, Gallagher! Les Anonymes have made a name. Revenge, thou art sweet—like unto honey! Yes, let every tongue wag through out Israel. Let us go and ecstatically munch tea and drink cake; no, I mean the other way. Never mind! fetch out the prize bats—one for Miss Moss and one for Miss Kirkpatrick. Let all the earth have a good time!

But stay! What about the return match—to be played in three days? There is a thought "must give us pause." Let us go and consider together. THOMAS S. JARVIS.

---

### Not so Easy as it Looked.

"I never tried but once to step off a moving tramcar," said a lady in conversation with a friend.

"Did you get a fall?"

"No. I heard my husband say that you must jump off in the direction in which the car is going, and as it reached the place where I wanted to stop I just skipped out as if I had been accustomed to it."

"Was it as difficult as you supposed?"

"It was ten times harder. I ran a few steps and it seemed to me that the whole planet was turning round. I sprawled all over to keep from falling, and when I struck the footing, I nearly knocked two men down who were passing, in my attempt to preserve an equilibrium. As I readed away I heard one of them exclaim, 'It's a shame to see a woman in such a condition on the public streets—she ought to be arrested.' I could not stop after him to explain matters, but I have never had the slightest ambition to jump off a tramcar in motion since. Yet it does look so easy when John does it."—*Tit-Bits.*

### All the Way Down.

It is interesting to trace the evolution of words and expressions. Cultivated people say "How do you do?"

Those who are less precise say "Howdydoo." In the backwoods of Pennsylvania they say "Howdy."

The noble red man of the West says—

"How," while the cat on the fence says "Ow!"


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### Lost His Bet.

"Mr. Billus," demanded his wife, freezingly, "what is the meaning of that long hair on your coat collar?" "It means, madam," retorted Mr. Billus, "that I'm a chuckle-headed jay of the jayest sort. I'm a chump from Chumptown. That's what it means, Maria." "Explain yourself, sir!" "One of the boys at the office put that hair on my collar not fifteen minutes ago and said I didn't dare to let it stay there. I said I did dare to. I said you were a woman of too much sense to notice such a little thing; I told him you wouldn't even see it. He offered to bet me five dollars you would, and I took him up, Maria!" snorted Mr. Billus; "I took him up!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

## Boudoir Gossip.

Since the fashion permits women to exhibit their entire stock of hair either braided or coiled, they naturally are considering how to improve the quantity. The result of much care is plainly to be seen in the many fine suits of hair which are so becoming to young or old faces. Many of the women whom I meet daily have braided tresses which gleam in the sunlight, and shine in the grayness of dusk. They are the well-brushed locks. Many other women wear a bunch of frowzy hair in place of the recognized braids, and the gloss of the coiled lamp reposes peacefully in their lazy little coils. We get nothing without some care and thought, and if we would have smooth braids, we must brush the hair until it attains the desirable look of sleekness.

•

The memory of pleasant days does much to brighten those which are a little gloomy. It is as though the soul accepted more than enough gladness for its present use, and banked the surplus for rainy days.

One sunset that I saw this summer was burned into a prominent place in my heart.

The sun had disappeared behind the wooded slope of an island along the north shore of Lake Huron, and the crimson shades which rested almost upon the tree tops, changed to orange, then faded to the faintest amber as they reached up towards the blue. Above our heads the sky was the pure cerulean of a summer evening. From the zenith it paled until in softest tones it touched the mellow, golden tint, and at the place of their meeting a soft-hued green was plainly visible. It melted in its lovely pallor, into the tinges above and below, with a charm which set all the paint-boxes of the universe into shadowed background! And we wondered, once seeing it, how it could have escaped our notice before.

The steamer beat the water with its measured stroke, and ironed out a path which stretched far behind us. Soon the small ripples crept towards it, and, leaping upon the smooth surface, danced gleefully until the whole wide path seemed swinging to the gentle time-beat of the wind.

Over the gambolling waves a long line of gulls moved with lazy out-spread wings, varying the onward motion by graceful downward curves to take from the water the food flung out for them. The light from the west glinted on their wings. It massed itself upon their feathered breasts, and their red dripping feet twinkled as the great birds rose to join the ever-lengthening line of after-supper guests.

Too soon the glorious sunset-tints were wiped away by the creeping mist of dusk. The waves were gray shadows now, the smoke a haze against the chilled blue of the sky. The mast and ropes joined the other fittings of the hurricane deck in a ghostly conclave. Silence sat upon our lips, earnest thought reigned in our hearts. Then footsteps sounded on the sloping saloon-roof. A form dark against the shadowy environment of gray, moved towards the stern. A voice came to us. It said: "Aren't you two cold up here?" Prosaic thoughts of wraps took our attention, and we descended the unconventional ladder into the glare of the long lighted saloon.

•

One need never be at a loss for amusement at a restaurant, and I found it to-day in combining mathematics with a piece of pie. It wasn't my pie. In fact restaurant pie seldom is mine, for I cling to the pie my mother makes, forswearing all imitations. The kind of pie up for mastication was custard, and the woman was in a hurry. She made just thirteen mouthfuls of that generous piece, and I greatly fear that she was taking indigestion with her dessert. Thirteen bites at a symptom a bite is thirteen dollars if you feel anxious about your health and consult an autocrat on symptoms.

More than this, the habit of taking food too hastily is not likely to result in the placing of a large amount of statelliness to the credit of the hungry or hurried one. An exhibition of that kind stays with one, and I can see yellow pie and crushed paste running on an endless chain to a well-opened mouth.

•

"Fashionable boa ruching," was the explanation of a box-pleated frill designed for neck wear. It was a dainty conceit, and the shop window containing it proved very attractive one bright morning recently.

On a slender throat that style of neck dressing will look well, but as I looked at it, the modest little affair swelled out until I beheld a semblance to the enormous ruff worn by Queen Elizabeth. Affairs may not grow quite so serious, and the ruching is very pretty; but to tell the honest truth, I am afraid of it—especially when I think of the sway of medici collar.

•

Chamois skin is coming into prominence as a material for many dainty bits of fancy work. It has lately been used with good effect in the fashioning of cases for silver. A case for coffee spoons is made of a folded strip of the leather, lined with quilted satin and finished with cord of the same color. Inside there are long, narrow pockets, into which the slender-handled little spoons are thrust, while the whole is elegant, dainty and useful.

•

Copper is receiving much favor at present—not for collections, of course, but for odd bits of bric-a-brac. Night lamps, which consume perfumed oil, are finished in copper and silver, and even my lady's belt buckle and jeweled combs have pickings of the pinkish-tinted metal.

•

I am in receipt of a bright, chatty letter from "Marguerite," who sends me a little rose-bud gathered in the far west, near the Rocky Mountains. There is a faint odor yet clinging to it, and I fingered the well-dried blossom very gently. Deference should be paid it, for it is a brave little blossom, and quite a traveled one, by the way.

Women always cherish little things of this kind, and they are put away carefully to grow into sweet remembrances of kindness or of joy. I fancy that "Marguerite" has a box or a book some place where pressed flowers and little keepsakes lie half forgotten for months at a time, but sometimes she bends over them with half merry, half sad eyes and longs for some one or some long-past day. Then when girlhood has passed away and she is going to a home of her own, she will finger for the last time the heaps of dried, scentless flowers, and crumbling them up in nervously-moving fingers, toss them into the fire with a sigh for the burial service.

•

Crowded trains should make people more polite. They do not. The crossness increases as the crowd is augmented, and crossness is not the right name for the infirmity of temper, either. A fortnight ago I boarded a west-bound train, and was really grieved to find that people were standing in the aisles, without having any choice in the matter. In one double seat three people were chatting energetically, while a parcel and a small basket with some flowers had the place where a fourth person should have been sitting.

"Would you move those flowers, and allow me to have the seat?" I asked.

"Ain't room for them," answered the musty woman in the black gown.

I was surprised; but being also tired and somewhat nettled, I went on: "You can put them in the basket," indicating by an upward glance the receptacle provided by the company for surplus bundles.

"It won't go in," she replied.

The two remarks were untruthful. I had paid for a seat if there was one unoccupied; they had not, and I meant to have that one, so I sat up on the framework and wondered how long it would be before an official came through. In fact some remarks regarding conductors were let drop to an acquaintance who was passing through the car.

I sat quietly, enjoying the novelty of the situation, and smiling a bland mental smile. Suddenly his lordship in brass buttons entered the car from the rear. I turned to beckon him, but while I was endeavoring to catch his eye over the shoulders and between the heads of standing passengers great events were taking place near me. When I looked again basket and parcel were on the floor, and I was invited to sit down.

"Ah, you have made room; thank you," I said, with an imitation smile, as I descended from the arm of the seat and settled into the vacated place.

It wasn't pleasant to sit so near such mean people, but I felt as if I were a real martyr to the cause of right, and I began to read a magazine for the sake of appearing perfectly composed and happy.

After a time the baby belonging to the gray-gowned woman opposite, went to sleep, and she put in several miles of wearisome traveling by "s'posing" that she had "to hold this young 'un and get all tired out."

I read on. The article could not have been interesting, for I can not remember even its title.

When the train whistled for my station, I was very glad, and I moved out with inward thanksgiving, and took a bit of malicious pleasure in noting that a fat man, with spectacles, sank into my seat before I left the car.

Perhaps it was very unkind of me, but I felt real wicked.

•

Are all the women walking roses into their cheeks these glorious autumn days? How the fresh air from the fields and woods strengthens one! The late flowers are waiting for careful hands to garner them. Golden rod is nodding in the hazy atmosphere, the purple wood asters are beautifully shaded to faint lavender tints, poplars are shedding waxy yellow leaves and sprays of the sumach's foliage are painted red and dotted and striped with golden tints. Maples are wonderful in the woods this year, and a truly beautiful cluster of leaves which I gathered had red spots on their fading green surface.

Autumn spoils are so hardy that they repay the gathering. In spring one culls a handful of the tender early blossoms, and they wither almost at a touch and droop their pretty little heads to chide us for their early death. The strong Autumn flowers are much more lasting, and the golden rod and flaming leaves will flaunt their brilliant colors to cheer the dullness of chilly rooms, for weeks afar they have been gathered in the fields and beneath the trees.

CLIP CAREW.

### Envy of Grief.

The tears streamed from her lovely, soft blue eyes,
Flushed were her cheeks, and bowed her slender frame,
As a great gust of bitter anguish came
And held her in its grasp; it slowly dies,
But only as the wind does, soon to rise
With greater fury, fanning all the flame
Of her wild sorrow, till she could not tame
The fire that raged within her. I, grown wise,
And old and weary, heard her sobbing sore,
And watched her with compassion where she sat.
Then came a sudden envy, as this truth
Flashed through my heart, that pitied her no more,—
Only the very young can grieve like that,
And I would take her sorrow with her youth.

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*


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and hosts of others whose names we could give you. To this list we are adding the name of Ryrie Bros., Toronto.

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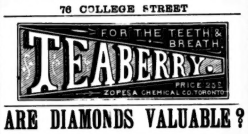


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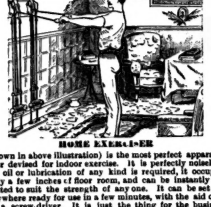

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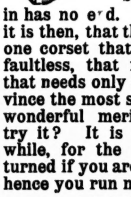


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SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

# A NE'ER-DO-WEEL

It was very mild wit; but Dick Redmond thought it charming, and the words were so innocently spoken that they repressed his tendency to indulge in satirical observation on the company without making him feel that he was snubbed. He was chatting with the prettiest girl in the place, and he had been two-and-four hours in Badwiesen without speaking to a soul, excepting the Dresden lieutenant, over whose sword he had stumbled in the billiard-room of the "*Trois Rois*," and who was now glaring at him with ill disguised jealousy from the opposite table.

"Do you know that fellow?" asked Dick Redmond, as the stare of the hapless lieutenant began to tell upon him.

"If" returned the girl quickly. "Oh, no—I know no one but Miss von Mahlstock! I am out for a holiday to day, and I have been introduced to all these ladies; but I do not know any gentlemen."

"Except me," ventured the bold young man; but he spoke in such a quiet matter-of-fact way that Amy could not guess how delighted he was to hear such an ingenuous confession. "Are you at school then—surely not!—or in a convent, that you are kept so strictly! No wonder that youth in the big boots is looking such daggers at me! He would give the pair of them, I dare say, though they seem to be the pride of his heart, to be in my shoes instead at this minute!"

He laughed again in such a pleasant manner that Amy was obliged to laugh too, though she scarcely understood what he was saying, and had a vague feeling that George would be sure to disapprove of this new acquaintance, who seemed so easy and unceremonious in his welcome. Meanwhile Fraulein von Mahlstock, seeing that her birthday party was hopelessly broken up, was gracefully taking leave of her guests before Mr. Redmond had half finished his cup of coffee or arrived at any definite conclusion about his companion, save that she was the loveliest girl he had ever met. The last farewell compliment had been paid, the last curtsey executed, and the Fraulein was at liberty to sit down, crimson and breathless, beside the English couple.

"Ah, heavens, what an escape!" she cried; and then, seeing that her friend looked at her inquiringly and were quite unaware of the ordeal through which she had passed, she began to shake with an internal laughter peculiar to her, and laid her hand upon the young man's arm. "Wretch," she exclaimed, while her sharp little eyes gleamed with fun, "in what language shall I find words strong enough for you! You have cost me, in this one afternoon, all the character for propriety of conduct which I have been building up for many years! Why do you come thus, with your *sang froid*, to flutter my dove cote of youth and beauty! Can I ever face again the mamnas of the Hungerstein or of the Bentheim, after beguiling their innocents to a coffee-party at which intruded an Englishman unannounced! And in the full view of the whole town too! Was it for this that I doctored you at Cairo—that you should turn up again unexpectedly and bring me to shame!"

"I'm sure I did no one any harm," answered Redmond: "but I thought you weren't overpleased to see me again, which I attributed to the natural objection one would have to meeting a man whose life one had saved for fear he should want to borrow money or have something more done for him. She did save my life once"—turning to Amy—"in Egypt. We were all up the Nile, and I had an attack of fever, and was very near leaving my bones in the Great Pyramid or some other honorable sepulchre, when down upon me swooped Miss von Mahlstock, with a medicine chest under one arm and a dictionary under the other. And out of one she mixed me some awful doses of quinine, and with the aid of the other she bullied the Egyptian boatmen, until she got us all round again in no time. And here I have been racing about from one place to another ever since, trying to find and thank her; for she disappeared from Shepherd's Hotel one day before I had half expressed my gratitude for all her kindness; and, when we meet again, she tries to cut me because she is sitting down to coffee in the society of Silesian countesses!"

Amy hardly knew if he was in earnest or not; but Fraulein von Mahlstock did not appear to be annoyed. The conversation between them was something quite strange to the girl. She sat back and listened with interest while her companions talked well and gaily of places they had seen and people they had met; and the Kurgarten slowly emptied, for the concert was over, and all the coffee and Bavarian beer finished for that afternoon. Amy sprang to her feet quite startled as the church clock began to strike seven. Was it possible that she had left George so long alone? Her whole hours, and during the last of them had not thought even once of him!

The Fraulein rose too. She was cooler now and less fatigued, and was beginning to look upon the *esclandre* of the afternoon as a good joke against her countrywomen and their prejudices which would serve with a little exaggeration as a capital story for the delectation of Captain Forrester.

"Are you going to dine at the hotel, or are you coming to supper at my lodgings?" she asked of Redmond, as they walked together towards the Villa Rosalie.

Dick Redmond decided upon supper at the villa, though some disappointment was visible on his handsome face when Amy Forrester disappeared into her own lodgings on the ground floor, after thanking her hostess with almost childlike gratitude for her pleasant afternoon and giving the stranger her hand for a moment at parting. However, he climbed up the Fraulein's stairs without expressing any dismay at the younger lady's departure, and spent a very pleasant evening with his old fellow-traveler, who was much better company than many prettier and younger women, and could roll a cigarette and mix a *monsanise* sauce, and perform many other agreeable little offices worth far more than all the airs and graces of beauty to any man under thirty. Dick Redmond was only thirty-three, despite the gray hair at his temples, and, though he had a great admiration for beauty, he was also alive to the advantage of conciliating a useful and pleasant friend like Fraulein von Mahlstock, who was not too old to be insensible to his flattering speeches and to enjoy the monopolizing of a good-looking Englishman. He spent a very pleasant time smoking on her balcony, and departed at ten o'clock after kissing her hand and planning an early meeting on the morrow. Best of all, he had learned all he wished to know about Amy Forrester; and mingled with the fervent hopes which he expressed of seeing a great deal of his bright little hostess were some very strong mental resolutions concerning the cultivation of his acquaintance with her neighbor downstairs.

* * *

It was a fortnight later. The afternoon sun was so fierce that the garden concerts had become uncbearable; but out in the beech woods which fringed Badwiesen on either side existence was delightful. There was thick dry moss to lie upon, and a lacework of delicate green boughs to soften the glare of the cloudless sky. The business of life, its difficulties and obligations, seemed a very long way off to Dick Redmond as he lay at full length on the turf and gazed lazily at Amy Forrester, sitting little below him. They were not alone; for Captain Forrester's chair was drawn up on the edge of the path, Fraulein von Mahlstock and her easel were close by, and the Captain's servant was dozing a little farther on. This was the way in which they had spent many afternoons lately. George Forrester had been roused from his habitual selfishness by the companionship of the clever little lady who had set herself the task of breaking down his morbid fancies, the hearty manly influence of her friend Mr. Redmond supplementing her efforts.

Whatever Dick Redmond's faults were, he was no coxcomb and could generate with this poor broken-down creature who had all the weaknesses of both sexes. He was a man of the world, and soon guessed at Forrester's history, the failure of his military career, and the reason of it; but he never touched upon topics which could in any way annoy the sick man—never quoted his own exploits, or threw into bold relief either by accident or design the difference between his own circumstances and those of the captain. Indeed he seldom spoke of himself and his affairs—which was a special recommendation in the eyes of the egotistical peevish invalid Forrester.

The Fraulein knew him as a well-to-do English traveler who had been in the army—a *cachet* of respectability among all foreigners. George Forrester was content to accept his society because Dick brought him the newspapers and knew a good cigar, could talk well and listen courteously—especially if he had listened too—made up a rubber at whist, and did not "bore a fellow!"

Amy and Dick were a short distance away from the others, chatting in a strain which was pretty to the young Englishman, but which the girl had learned only within the past fortnight—which she had not an idea she could ever meet him at the coffee party. She could talk to him now as easily and confidingly as to her brother—far more so; for Mr. Redmond was always attentive, interested, courteous, in a manner quite unknown to George Forrester and quite new to his simple sister. It was this manner of his that meant so much to her, and the tone which made him a favorite with all women, though some men sneered at it.

"Here comes your lieutenant, Miss Amy!" Redmond was saying, as the cavalry officer who cherished a hopeless passion for the English beauty, swaggered past the little encampment.

He saluted, and Redmond carelessly raised his hat.

"Do you think it is for the pleasure of cultivating my brown that he so persistently goes out where we are and prances past us every afternoon? I wish you would allow me to introduce him to you; I should feel so much safer myself were the introduction once effected; for I can't help feeling that some day, urged on by his confidant in the green uniform and spectacles and emboldened by *schnapps*, he will want to pull my nose or run me through, and there will be an end of the love gentleman you know" in Badwiesen, without leaving a properly presented successor!"

"I'm afraid George would not countenance the lieutenant; he might turn out a bore eventually," replied Amy, laughing. "But you need not feel afraid of having no successor when you leave Badwiesen. Poor George had a letter this morning from an aunt of ours who is very kind and wants to make friends with us. Some relatives of hers are coming here almost directly; and she wrote that she hoped we would see them and be sociable together. Fancy our being sociable with a strange English family fresh from home! George has been in a state of nervous anxiety ever since, and every leaf that rustles he thinks is the approach of the sociable English family."

"Confound them!" exclaimed Redmond. "What do they want? You had better give them the cold shoulder at once, or you will be swamped by a cataract of tourist people, and we shall never have any more good times together again—unless"—moving a little nearer to her and looking into her face passionately—"you are beginning to get tired of all this—to look forward to a fresh shuffle of the cards—to a new friend who, as you said just now, is to be my successor?"

Amy was not experienced in such talk, and it made her heart beat fast and her hands grow cold; but she replied to the challenge gallantly:

"I thought we were talking of acquaintances, Mr. Redmond," she said, in her most dignified manner, looking gravely at him with serious eyes which would not respond to the gleam of mischief in his own.

It was a futile attempt at strategy; for Dick Redmond had intentionally set himself to win this girl's love, and he did not need words to tell him that he had succeeded. Now, however, he was growing dainty over this love-feast which he had so long enjoyed all to himself, and would not be content without the spoken assurance which he had wrung so often from the lips of luckless maidens whom he had beguiled. Those pretty lips so firmly compressed, so determined to show nothing of the tumult within, imparted additional piquancy to the task. The girl was so proud, so innocent of all the world's ways, and so delightfully confiding that Dick Redmond felt that, if he declined the opportunity Fate had given him of making sure of her, he should regret it for the rest of his life. With the easy assurance of utter selfishness, he took it for granted that the pastime would be equally pleasant for Amy; so he with a steady hand, after a moment's hesitation, slid over Miss Forrester's cold little fingers, and, sitting upright so as to interpose his broad shoulders between the girl and the roadside group, he bent down his head and kissed them softly.

"Must I remain an acquaintance," he whispered, holding them tightly and feeling a thrill of delight as they shook in his grasp, "or will you take me for your friend—your only friend, mind! For no second place will satisfy me, *bien-aimee!*"

"Ah, hush! Why do you say that?" she answered. "Surely you know I have no one in all the world but you!"

* * *

"Amy—Redmond," called George Forrester a little later, "are you both asleep up there? Come down, will you? These must be the confounded English family aunt Carlton wrote about—here in the new strangers' list at your hotel, Redmond! 'General and Mrs. Hornby, the Misses Hornby, Mr. Arthur Hornby.' Can't you see them all—a regulation British family, with a governess for the young ladies and a maid for mamma? Hallo, Redmond—I beg your pardon! Are they friends of yours? I didn't know; of course that makes all the difference!"

At Captain Forrester's first call Amy and Dick Redmond had risen and joined the others—the almost oblivious of what was going on around, he a little sorry and a little glad at the interruption.

"She is the very sweetest girl in all the world," he said to himself, forgetting how many sweetest girls his world had held before from time to time, "and I declare I would marry her to-morrow if it were possible! And, as she's awfully fond of me, there can't be any harm in saying I am awfully fond of her, though it must all come to an end sooner or later—and all girls go through this sort of thing and get over it!"

Dick Redmond was absorbed in these reflections until the name of "Hornby!" thrice repeated broke in upon them like the knell of a funeral bell. His sunburnt face suddenly assumed an sshen hue, and his laughing eyes, which were still flashing with the conquering love light that had made Amy's droop and fall, became suddenly grave.

"Do you know them?" asked Forrester, with the thoughtless persistence of a selfish man. "What are they? Will they be bearable? They are sure to look us up, the old lady says; so there will be no escape. Why, Redmond, you don't seem over-pleased at the thought of seeing them!"

Dick Redmond at once recovered his composure.

"I don't know," he replied slowly. "They aren't the same people, I dare say; it's a rather common name. Are you ready to start homewards!"—and he began putting together Forrester's belongings and collecting the Fraulein's painting materials.

They all turned in the direction of the town before more was said; but the cavalcade moved along rather heavily—something seemed to have dispelled the serenity of the afternoon and checked the usual flow of lively conversation. Amy Forrester walked along silently at the side of her brother's chair; the earth was all rosy and golden; she wanted no more words of endearment just yet—only time—a blissful night leading to a more exquisite to-morrow—in which to realize the happiness that was hers.

Just at the end of the Fraulein's walk, by a rustic gate and turnstile which marked the boundary of the once-enclosed grand-ducal forest. As the party drew near to it, a number of people approaching from the opposite side stood face to face with them, only the gate intervening. A young man in a gray suit held the gate politely open for the lady and chaperon and the ladies; then, as he caught sight of Redmond, he exclaimed, in a loud, unmistakable tone:

"You villain!"

They were all so close together, the country road was so quiet, there could be no possible doubt or mistake about the words. An old gentleman who was also of the strange party stepped forward quickly and put his hand upon his nephew's arm.

"Be quiet, Arthur!" he said. "Go on—it is nobody that we know;" and, gathering his flock about him, two or three daughters and children, "a regulation British family," he looked Dick full in the face and passed on, with his restraining hand within the young man's arm.

The Forresters' party stood as if transfixed. A dead silence ensued, which was at last broken by Redmond's laughing exclamation:

"Those are the Hornbys! I do know them; and you heard what they said about knowing me. I have played a being respectable long enough, I suppose, and now the game is up, and I may as well take myself off! They will tell you all about me to-morrow; and you will be glad enough that I am gone, and that you have not been put to the unpleasant necessity of cutting me as they do. But, when you have listened to their respectable ideas for a little while, perhaps you may understand why I am such a wretched outcast! Good-bye!"

He was a bad man making a very bad defence of a bad position; and yet, as he stood there bidding farewell, as it seemed, to friendship, esteem, and love, he saw for one moment a glimpse of the happiness that might have been his, and knew that in playing with Amy Forrester's heart he had broken his own. Then he turned away and strode towards the Hornbys, and the friends of a fortnight saw him no more.

* * *

"They are horrible bores!" groaned George Forrester to his sister, as she walked patiently beside his chair after an extremely disagreeable explanatory visit from the Hornbys. "I don't care whether he was the fellow forged or cheated at cards, or swindled them all round; he behaved all right to me! And, upon my word, I don't think anything in the world so immoral as boring other people! As for Redmond's marrying their niece and then deserting her, I declare I can find it in my heart to excuse him for anything like her uncle and aunt! He was only an acquaintance here, and I wish to goodness the Hornbys had never come near the place to disturb us all and worry poor Amy to death!"

Amy did not answer. The heat had tired her a good deal; and Fraulein von Mahlstock took an early opportunity of saying to her brother to move on to Switzerland—which, being the opposite route to that pursued by the Hornby family, he was quite ready to do.

Many years afterwards, when Amy Forrester had long been married to the doctor who had so indefatigably striven to prolong George Forrester's life, her husband came in late one evening from the hospital at which, in spite of his fashionable practice, he still attended.

"Here is something curious," he said, turning over a small object in his hand. "That poor fellow I told you about—the man in the accident ward—died just now. I was with him at the last. He was lying quite quiet when I first went in; but in a few minutes he looked up at me and said, 'Thank you, doctor! I shan't trouble you much longer now.' Then he put out his hand with something in it, and, looking up into my face with a queer smile, said, 'Are you married? Have you a good wife?' Well, I could hardly help laughing a little—it was such an unexpected question; but he was in earnest, for he put this little locket into my hand, and added, 'Give her this. It is all I have; and I don't want any one else to take it away when I am gone. A good woman gave it to me long ago.' They were his last words. He did not seem to want anything more, and went off in a half-doze about an hour afterwards. Here is the legacy you have acquired by being a good wife."

He laid the locket—a little silver heart—in his wife's hand; and, as she looked at it, the walls of the room seemed to fade away, and she was once again a girl in a green beech-forest full of summer sounds and sunshine, and a merry friend" was bending his head to kiss her hands. For the little silver locket was the same that Amy Forrester had given Dick Redmond when she gave him her first love on that June afternoon long, long ago.

## Carnegie's Three Don'ts.

You are about to start in life, writes Andrew Carnegie in the *Youth's Companion*, and it is well that young men should begin at the beginning and occupy the most subordinate positions. Many of the leading business men of Pittsburgh had a serious responsibility thrust upon them at the very threshold of their career. They were introduced to the business and spent the first hours of their business lives sweeping out the office.

I was a sweeper myself, and who do you suppose were my fellow sweepers? David McCargo, now superintendent of the Allegheny Valley Railroad; Robert Pitcairn, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. Moreland, city attorney of Pittsburg.

Begin at the beginning, but aim high. I would not give a fig for the young man who does not already see himself the partner or the head of an important firm.

There are three dangers in your path: the first is the drinking of liquor, the second is speculation, and the third is "endorsing."

When I was a telegraph operator in Pittsburgh I knew all the men who speculated. They were not our citizens of first repute; they were regarded with suspicion. I have lived to see almost all of them ruined—bankrupt in money and bankrupt in character. There is scarcely an instance of a man who has made a fortune by speculation and kept it.

The man who grasps the morning papers to see how his speculative ventures are likely to result unfits himself for the calm consideration and proper solutions of business problems with which he has to deal later in the day, and saps the sources of that persistent and concentrated energy upon which depend the permanent success, and often the very safety, of his main business. The thorough man of business knows that only by years of patient, unremitting attention to affairs can he earn his reward, which is the result, not of chance, but of well-devised means for the attainment of ends.

Nothing is more essential to young business men than untarnished credit, and nothing kills credit sooner than the knowledge in any bank board that a man engages in speculation. How can a man be credited as one to whom may be swept away in one hour by a panic among gamesters? Resolve to be business men, but speculators never.

The third danger is the perilous habit of endorsing notes. It appeals to your generous instincts, and you say, "How can I refuse to lend my name only to assist a friend?" It is because there is so much that is true and commendable in that view that the practice is dangerous. If you owe anything, all your capital and all your effects are a solemn trust in your hands, to be held inviolate for the security of those who have trusted you. When a man in debt endorses for another, it is not his own credit or his own capital that he risks, it is the money of his own creditors. Therefore, I say that if you are ever called upon to endorse, never do it unless you have been asked, not required for your own debts, and never endorse beyond those means.


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### His Bargain.

Sir James Colquhoun was one day passing by a second-hand shop, when he saw exposed for sale a handsome jar like one his wife had long since consigned to an attic as old rubbish. It was at the time when jars and vases must be in pairs.

"I'll buy it," Sir James thought, "and we'll touch the old jar in the garret and have a handsome pair."

He was fond of such bargains. He went in and asked the price. The dealer demanded six guineas for it, but, after some bargaining, accepted five guineas. Sir James, pleased with his purchase, hurried home to his wife, the prize in his hands, and exclaimed:

"My dear, only see what I have found! It's the very mate to the old jar in the garret. Wasn't I lucky to get it? And so cheap, too! Only five guineas, when we paid ten guineas for each of those jars when new. There!"—putting it down on the table beside her—"what do you think?"

Lady Colquhoun looked and laughed.

"James," she said, "I sold that old jar in the garret this very day, for two guineas, to old Carr, and I believe you've bought it back again."

"Yes, I'm afraid I have," said Sir James, soberly; "I bought it at Carr's. And it's the same old jar."

The jar was carried back to its quarters in the garret. It was the last piece of old bric-a-brac that Sir James bought.—*Tit-Bits.*

### The Touchstone of Female Beauty.

A company of ladies and gentlemen were playing at forfeits when a wag proposed that all the rest should do as he did. He thereupon took a handkerchief, dipped it in water, and began rubbing his face.

"Now, all of you do the same, please!"

At this the ladies, in a body, got up and fled from the room.—*Paris Figaro.*

Bridget O'Rafferty—As if I'd take your notis to l'ave; thim days of slav'ry be past.
Mrs. Van de Vere—This day month——
Bridget—No, Ma'am, excuse me—I've l'ined the Dames of Labor, and I'll just be after callin' in Miss McGinnis, what does the washin' next door, and Miss O'Flaherty, what scrubs 'round the corner, to arbitrhate betwane us.—*Puck.*

## Only a Slight Flirtation.

"Aren't you going the pace pretty fast Grant?"

"Not at all," coolly replied the individual addressed. "Faster you go, the sooner you get to the end, don't you see?"

"And your end in this is matrimony?"

"I did not say so, though it might be if there was a small matter of money connected with it, too."

"Then you mean to say this is a flirtation on your part?"

"Most decidedly! What do you take me for? Do I look like a millionaire? Or do I look like a fool that would take a girl brought up as expensively and as uselessly as Nettie Ayer, unless she had some money to back her idle airs and graces! No, no! I may be extravagant about the way I fall in love but my finances do not permit me to indulge in the useless appendage of a fashionable wife, unless that wife has, in fee simple, the ready-come-down. How does that catch you?"

"Well, you talk practically, I suppose."

"You never considered me capable of so much sense, eh?"

"To see you with Miss Ayer no one would think."

"That it was only a slight flirtation."

"Having admitted so much, you mean to drop the girl."

"Not much, my fine fellow! I don't think I have hurt her very much yet, and the game is hardly worth the candle until I can see that her heart is touched."

"But, Grant, that is not fair to the girl."

"Isn't it? Many's the heart Miss Nettie broke, I'll warrant, and there's no fun in it until it begins to get earnest. Kiss me, kiss me, there's the issue, always snatch a juicy cherry, brush the bloom off, the perfume off, take and make a dull heart merry," with which vocalistory rhyme Grant Fairfax arose, and with nimble feet executed a bit of a clog dance on the broad walk. His companion, Fred Danforth, neither joined in his mirth nor approved thereof even by a smile.

"You're gloomy over it Fred," said Grant, slapping his friend's shoulder heartily. "Can it be into you are in love with the lady yourself. 'Sits the wind in that quarter?' Well, wait, my boy! You shall have your innings when I have finished up my quiver-ful of game."

"Your jest will end in earnest, Grant. You will fall in love with Miss Ayer yourself before you get through."

"Never was in so deep yet but what I could get out," said Grant sententiously. "And I can go pretty deep without getting mired. Pshaw! don't be spoony, old fellow! Come and have a game of billiards and forget all about it." And linking his arm within that of his friend the two moved away.

The first few words had floated up from the piazza of the Queen's Hotel and penetrated the pink auricular organs of Miss Nettie Ayer, sitting indolently in the shadow of a heavy curtain, turning the leaves of a book, which she dropped, and leaned forward to catch the rest of the conversation, for the voices were well known to her.

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves" is an old adage which is very often verified, as was the case in the present instance, as our readers already know. She should not have listened, of course, but after hearing her own name the temptation was irrisistible and she listened until the sound of their footsteps died away. Then she ejaculated angrily:

"The insolent puppy! He will see that Nettie Ayer's heart is not a ball which can be tossed about at any man's pleasure and when he is tired of the game tossed back again to its owner. Doubtless, he is an old hand at the business, but I may be able to give him a few pointers after all. At least I will try."

That night there was a social hop at Mrs. Featherhead's and the *elite* and beauty of N— were there assembled. Nettie Ayer was radiant in a dress of some filmy material, with flowers at the corsage and in her hair. Her blue eyes were fairly dancing with witchery, and she seemed the personification of happiness. Grant Fairfax was there also, got up "regardless of expense," as he would say, in that most detestable of all men's wear, their so-called evening dress. Ah, me! Those slender legs enclosed in tight-fitting trowsers, remind one of the days before kerosene was discovered, and the good country housewives used to dip candles. I always imagine those nether limbs would look better dipped. As the young dudes whirl in the mazy dance one shudders to think what might happen if those slender supports should suddenly break.

But Grant looked as well as the majority of young men do, though Nettie Ayer did not appear to see it. She talked most assiduously, danced most industriously, and smiled so bewitchingly on poor Fred Danforth that his heart was nearly gone and the hop nearly at an end when Grant got a chance to approach her and say, in a tone which he did his best to render most melancholy:

"Not a word for me to-night, Miss Nettie?"

"A dozen if you wish," she responded, brightly; then she added, *sotto voce*, in a tone of reproach, "You have not come near me the whole evening!"

"But it was not my fault," he said, with delighted surprise. "Surely you know that if there had not been so many others before me I would have been only too happy to be with you."

"Could I believe that in the face of all the circumstances?" she pouted.

"Surely you can believe it if I tell you so, can you not?" he pleaded.

She drooped her eyes shyly before the passionate gaze of the man before her; and he thought he saw the mastery he had gained, while she said, under her breath, "Ah, a quiet little game that two can play at, I see!"

Grant had been a little astonished at her course this evening, but his conceit forbade him perceiving anything unpleasant in it, especially as she had put it, he readily imagined it all his own fault and wondered how he could have been so stupid as to let any one deprive him of the place at her side that he had held so long and so uninterruptedly.

But as that night went, there followed a dozen others in its train, till Grant Fairfax began to lose a little of the conceit that characterized him, while he wondered if she really did love him, as the few moments sometimes vouchsafed to him went to show, or if she really did care for Fred Danforth, to whom her brightest smiles were most frequently given. And so their interviews took on an interest to him, which before they lacked. He found it necessary to contend for a place at her side, to scheme for a few moments' chat, to at last wish heartily that all other men were in Jericho, that all kind-hearted old ladies were not so fond of Nettie Ayer, that all grim old maids would keep their distance, that all gossiping girls were—yes, were married! All but Nettie, for he meant to marry her himself! And when he got thus far in his cogitations, he awoke to a realizing sense of what an egregious fool he had made of himself, to fall in love with her after all. How Danforth would laugh at him when he found it out, as he surely would if he (Grant) should win her.

"If I," he said to himself. "I will win her! No one shall stand in my way for a moment! I will have to give up a good many bachelor comforts to provide her with the luxuries to which she has always been accustomed, but no sacrifice will be too great for my darling. Yes, my darling! My Nettie! MINE! I will not give her up for all the selfish interests in the world!

"Heigho! What a night!" Now he looked out of the window of his bachelor apartments where he had been musing all these things.

And well might he say, what a night! The heavens were black and starless, the clouds one ceaseless drip, drip on the dead leaves lying so thickly strewn upon the ground. The last leaf had fallen from the trees that lined the village street, and nature was thoroughly swept and garnished for the advent of the Ice-King. Hark! The wind is rising! How it moans around the corners of the house like the sound of far off voices in pain, or like sin-cursed spirits wpanning their sad fate, like doomed souls that have reached Heaven only to find its pearly portals closed, like hopeless love, that still keeps loving on! Oh, of what sad, solitary things does not that wind-tone remind us! Now a dull sound of anguish, then a burst of angry defiance! Now a wail of despair then a low moan as of a child fault-chidden, sobbing itself asleep! Now the rain in big drops pelts against the window panes like the tapping of skeleton fingers. Those pedestrians who are obliged to be on the street draw their coat collars higher, jam their hats down more firmly over their eyes, thrust their hands more deeply into their pockets and plod on. But in the parlor of the little suite of rooms which Nettie Ayer occupied while visiting her uncle and aunt, all was warmth and brightness, luxury and ease. Brightly burned the coal fire, which the lateness of the season rendered necessary for it was the first of December, and December in Canada means cold and chill, occasional bright days alternating with dreary ones. The piano was open, but untouched, for Nettie was curled in the recesses of an easy chair indulging in that luxury known to womanhood as a good cry. Did you ever, good sister-woman, realize how much good it does you? You have worn your best company face all day; you have been worried and fretted and nagged at by some pertinacious care; you have said no when you meant yes, and *vice versa*, from a matter of policy or necessity; but you have kept up your conventionality, and smiled and jested when you felt like a touch-me-not, as if one finger placed wrongly would make you fly in a dozen pieces. How good it seems, in the solitude of your own room, with no eye to witness your weakness save the All-pitying One, who judges from motives, not actions, to weep out your sorrows, your cares and vexations, all in one good, hearty cry! Thank God for tears! They are a great convenience, but we don't like the occasions that make them a necessity.

But a knock at the door roused Miss Nettie, and before she had hardly time to destroy the traces of her agitation, a servant ushered in "Mr. Fairfax," who advanced gaily and held out his hand, saying:

"Am I not brave, Miss Nettie, to face the elements on a night like this solely for the purpose of seeing you?"

"And do you not consider it a good work to come out even on such a night as this to cheer the disconsolate?" asked Nettie, archly.

Then he perceived, despite her gay manner, that she had been weeping. All his gaiety fled, all the bright, witty speeches he had been conning as he came along failed his tongue. His darling had been weeping, through loneliness perhaps for him. He was on his knees by her chair in a moment, and with much incoherence, and not at all like the self-satisfied Grant of a few moments before, was pouring out his love in impassioned terms.

And Nettie listened with bowed head in silence. In that moment though revenge was sweet, she realized that she had done wrong in encouraging this man. But arming herself with the thought that he deserved it, she at last spoke:

"I had no idea that you ever went deep enough to get mired, or that you could think of marrying an idle, useless, extravagant, poor wife."

He rose to his feet and looked down at her in amazement, then he broke out:

"Fred Danforth told you this!

"Mr. Danforth told me nothing," she answered, coldly. "But the next time you choose so public a place as a hotel piazza for discussing Nettie Ayer, give her credit for being capable of something besides a 'slight flirtation!' As I am going to-morrow to my uncle's in the country to spend Christmas and shall not see you again for some time, allow me now to wish you good-bye," and she held out her hand.

Grant saw that it was useless to prolong the interview. He took the proffered hand, bowed low over it, and left the room. Nettie sank in her seat again, and said, with strong satisfaction, "Only a slight flirtation!"

Two weeks later Nettie stood by the kitchen table in the farmhouse of her uncle, sleeves rolled to the elbows, hands covered with dough, deep in the mysteries of cake-making, when a vigorous knocking at the front door arrested her attention. Aunt Katy, whose hands happened to be empty, went to the door, and soon returned with word to Nettie that a gentleman had come to see her. So she composedly rubbed the dough from her hands and washed them, rolled down her sleeves and went to see her guest, without the least suspicion that there was a big spot of flour on her nose! and in a moment she stood face to face with Fred Danforth. She was so glad to see him she forgot to be distant and went forward smiling, with both hands extended. And Fred! He took the little hands in his, drew the slender form into his arms, and turning the blushing face to his, kissed the spot of flour on her nose! Now Nettie was laughing heartily.

"Why, Fred, why did you do that?"

"What were you doing when I came?"

"Making cake," responded Nettie.

"And I thought you had too much flour on your nose."

"Oh!" said Nettie. "But you see I had to learn how to do some things, and some things I knew how to do. I was not quite so useless as you once supposed."

"I never said you were useless, my darling; but I suppose you have learned enough now to keep house!"

(All of which implies a previous understanding between these two.)

And Nettie answered, blushing: "I soon will know."

Then the delighted Fred astonished her by saying: "Well, you need never know any more about it, for I am rich enough now to keep you without work. An uncle whom I never saw has died, after making me his heir."

"Perhaps the exertion killed him," said Nettie, saucily.

"Now, Nettie!" said Fred, reprovingly.

And then Nettie surprised her lover considerably by dampening his shirt-front with a shower of tears.

"Why, sweetheart," he said, trying to raise her head to look into her eyes, "what an April day you are! Did I say anything to hurt your feelings?"

"No, indeed," sobbed Nettie. "But I thought how wicked I am to let the old man's death bring me such happiness."

"Let us take it and be thankful, my love. Now what shall it be?"

"Not before May," said Nettie, firmly.

"Oh, but Nettie, why wait? You can improve upon your housekeeping talent as well after as before."

"It is not that, Fred, though I do mean to learn more about everything, but—oh, turn away your head, Fred. I have a secret to tell you."

"A secret from me, Nettie?"

"Just one," said Nettie, coaxingly. "A woman could not live without a secret, you know."

"Something that will prevent us marrying before May?"

"Not that, really. Only I don't wish to marry until I become of age."

"What difference can that make, Nettie? There is no one to interfere, is there? You are virtually your own mistress."

"Oh, Fred, you don't know, and I am so glad!"

"No, I really don't know. Do tell me and relieve my anxiety."

"Well, then, when I am of age I shall have a little money, not much, about four thousand, but you see, it will settle us and furnish our house so nicely," and the blushing face went down on the shirt-front once more.

"You are a very deceptive young person!" said Fred, seriously, though he took the blushing face between his hands and kissed it, in direct defiance of his words. "Didn't you give me to under-tand that you had no money?"

"Well, I had not then, nor have I now, but I am going to have."

"And I am going to have you, to have and to hold forever. If Grant Fairfax had known this, Nettie, I am afraid I would not be able to say so."

"Are you jealous of Grant Fairfax, of all men?" queried Nettie indignantly, but Fred stopped her mouth. Then he said, tenderly:

"Well, May be it then, but it is a long time to wait. Happiness will be ours in May!"

"It may," said Nettie, sententiously.

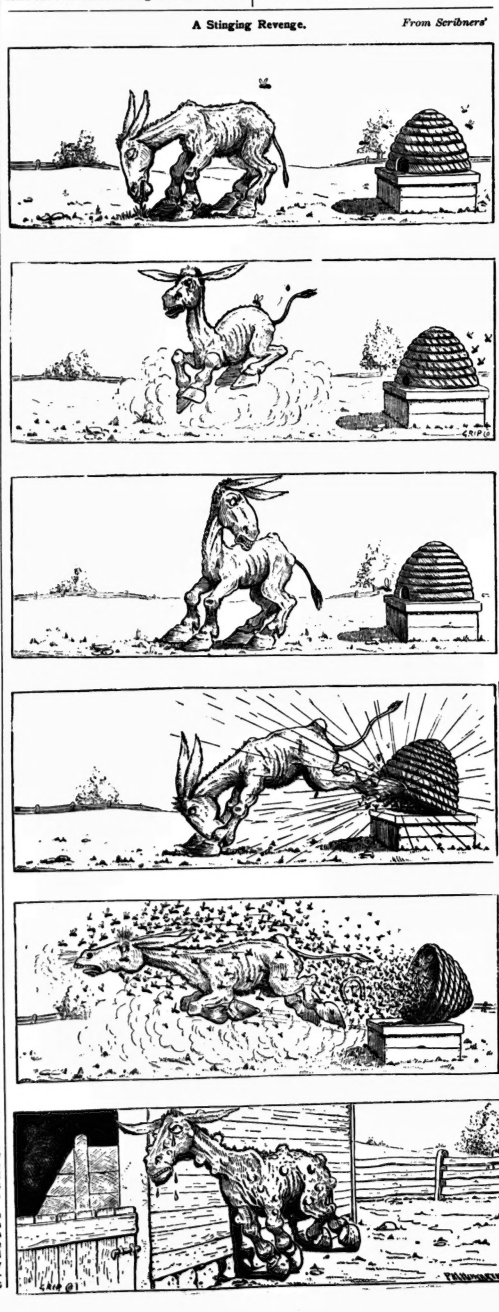
"It shall!" said Fred, decidedly.

And so it proved, much to the discomfiture of Grant Fairfax and his "slight flirtation."

MAUDE MOORE.

### A Stinging Revenge.

*From Scribners'*



### It Made No Difference.

At the session of a certain court in the United States, Judge Lynch Morris was violently attacked by a young and very impudent attorney. To the manifest surprise of every body present, the judge heard him quite through, as though unconscious of what was said, and made no reply.

After the adjournment of the day, and when all had assembled at the inn to take the judge and many of the court folks had their lodgings, one of the company, referring to the scene at court, asked the judge, "Why he did not re-pay the impertinent fellow?"

"Permit me," said the judge, loud enough to call the attention of all the company, among whom was the fellow in question, "permit me to tell you a story. My father, when we lived down country, had a dog—a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night, and bark at the moon for hours together."

The judge paused, as if he was done with his story.

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed half-a-dozen of the audience at once.

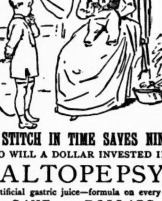
"Oh, nothing! nothing whatever: the moon kept right on, just as if nothing had happened."

—*Tit Bits.*

### A Birthday Gift.

A—I should like to give my wife a little surprise on her birthday, but I don't want it to cost much.

B—Then you should do as I do. Every year I secrete a piece of jewelry or some other valuable object belonging to my wife. The article is missed, search is made everywhere, and its disappearance deeply lamented. But how great is her joy and surprise when the brooch or the bracelet turns up again, in a new edition (for I always have it polished up at the jeweler's). And how kind, how thoughtful of me. In pattern and quality the precise counterpart of the lost article. You see this little dodge never misses its effect, and it doesn't cost me much, but by the time her birthday comes round again the incident is totally forgotten.

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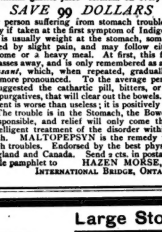

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Eczema

Is more commonly known as Salt-Rheum. It is caused by impure blood, is accompained with intense itching and burning sensations, and, unless properly treated, is likely to afflict its victim for years. If you are suffering from Eczema, or any other eruptive disease, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has proved, in numberless instances, a complete cure for this disorder.

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I was, for years, troubled with Salt-Rheum, which, during the winter months, caused my hands to become very sore, crack open, and bleed. The use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

has entirely cured me of this troublesome humor.—Ellen Ashworth, Evanston, Wyoming Ter.

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If any one suffering from General Debility, Want of Appetite, Depression of Spirits, and Lassitude will use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I am confident a cure will result therefrom. I have used it, and speak from experience.—F. O. Loring, Brockton, Mass.

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## Book Notices.

Geoffrey Hampstead, a novel by Thomas S. Jarvis (National Publishing Company, Toronto) of our city, has met with high encomiums, and at this late date I am desirous of adding something to the praise it so well deserves. One seldom reads a story told in a more entertaining way. There is a fluency about the recital which has the same pleasant quality which makes charming the speech of the fluent and well-voiced orator. If the story had a moral, or if those who figure in the performance were generally troubled with morals, this gay style of recital of times flippant, sometimes impertinent, but always entertaining, would make sad havoc. The author evidently has views and his characters are made to state some of them with such vigorous faith or unfaith, that occasionally it seems to me the tale is not quite wholesome. Geoffrey Hampstead is a striking figure, handsome, talented and mesmeric in his attractiveness. Morally he is, if possible, worse than Reginald Birchall, he embezzles the money of his employers, is basely treacherous to his bosom friend, basely ruins the woman who trusts him, and does not scruple to tell of his barbaric mother's shame. The latter phase in Hampstead's character is certainly inexcusable, as he has no graver reason for the disclosure than to excuse his own criminal eccentricities. Notwithstanding these very unpleasant peculiarities, Geoffrey Hampstead excites great interest which is not perhaps lessened by the wonder how such a handsome barbarian so long maintained a position in society. As he was a kleptomaniac, inheriting thieving tendencies from his mother, it is also somewhat puzzling how he was able to restrain himself for years while handling money in the various banking institutions in which he was employed. A kleptomaniac is seldom able to subdue the impulse for so long a period. I doubt too if men so utterly bad as Hampstead can disguise their evil natures so long and so well. In suggesting these defects my only desire is to point out the nature of much of the criticism which could be made if the story were attacked in a strictly critical spirit. The plot is well woven and cleverly developed and the descriptive writing is wonderfully well done in many instances. Jack Cresswell is a pleasant fellow, yet one's heart does not altogether go out to him. Margaret McIntosh is an exceedingly good woman; Nina Lindon was pretty, vivacious and bad—very bad. She had not as much innate cussedness as Hampstead but she was a very good mate for him. The servants, too, seemed invariably inclined to listen at doors or steal. After having read the story and feeling thoroughly inclined to congratulate Mr. Jarvis on being the author of what is doubtless the best written Canadian novel of its class, there is a sort of bad taste left in one's mouth which makes one sorry that the same excellent style and power of expression had not been used to tell a story worth living. I hope the next novel from the pen of the same author will have more lasting virtues.

## Music.

What a fine, tidy little opera company Mr. Heinrich Conried gave us last week! Good chorus, good principals, and all accessories good in spite of the piano. I cannot remember a better all round comic opera company in Toronto. I heard them in the Gypsy Baron, an opera in which Johann Strauss has shown that he has a soul above waltz music when necessary. It is a strongly conceived and strongly scored work, so good that it should be called romantic rather than comic. It has fine melodious phrases, stirring recitatives and very little dialogue, the music running on most of the time. In the ensemble pieces there is strength and richness and deliciously warm color. Much of the sensuous harmonic fancy that has made Strauss' waltzes famous has been woven into the choruses and concerted pieces of the Gypsy Baron. The first act is long and develops the plot of the opera instead of moving its incidents. The last act, I fancy, was cut somewhat, as it consisted of nothing but a comic song, a chorus march, done to very commonplace music, and a weak finale.

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Miss Rita Selby as the Gypsy Girl was a genuine pleasure. A fine, tall girl, with large, frank eyes and a large frank voice, she was one of the most satisfactory singers that ever visited Toronto. Her voice was beautifully clear and resonant. Another satisfactory singer was Miss Annie Russell, whose Czipra was an exceedingly good rendition. This lady has a good mezzo-contralto voice which has been excellently trained. Miss Frances Rousseau has a pretty little voice, but in the ensemble pieces she was hardly audible. The hero of the opera, Sandor Barinkay, the Gypsy Baron, received an excellent representation at the hands of Mr. John J. Raffael, a gentleman with a light but pleasing tenor voice. Mr. Raffael—who will, I am sure, pardon me if on account of his fine Irish accent I always think of him as Rafferty—is a good actor and an exceedingly agreeable singer. Not so good was Mr. J. P. Swickrath as Count Homonay, for he could not sing a little bit. Mr. Ferris Hartman as Zsupan, the pig dealer, showed refined comedy talent and was very successful with the house, but his catch-phrase, "Das ist ausgezeichnet," was not a success. Those who understood it could see its humor, but the mass of the house received it with blank silence. The other principals were fairly effective.

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The chorus was composed of young and good looking people whose costumes were both picturesque and beautiful. The staging was excellent, a splendid picture being presented in the second act. The chorus could sing too, rather a queer recommendation to allude to, but you and I, good reader, have heard many choruses who could not sing, and who appealed only to the sense of sight. Strauss does not spare his voices, and this chorus stood the strain well. But why will conductors not pay more attention to the attacks? Slovenly, scooping attacks characterize nearly every chorus that comes to Toronto, and the Conried chorus was no exception. Mr. Paul Steinhoff the conductor, ought to see to this. He is a clever musician and conducted the opera entirely from memory, eking out missing parts on the piano. The orchestra was slightly augmented and was fairly good, but the piano is a weapon of offence in such a case.

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The vilest parody and libel on singing that I have ever heard in the Grand Opera House was offered to its patrons this week when the alleged London Gaiety Girls trod the boards. Vulgar, strident and absolutely worthless voices, with absolutely degraded style were the musical equipment of the show. Whenever these women sang they were guyed by the gallery, with frequent help from the parquet. Such forcibly expressed criticism may not be in the best taste, but I believe every one in the house was in sympathy with the demonstration. Pronounced as was the vocal vulgarity of the women, their personal ugliness was still more emphatic. Talk about stopping a clock! They would have stopped a steam engine had there been one in sight. The show simply travels on the legs of its members. A literal fact.

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A very interesting and carefully prepared lecture on the art of piano-forte teaching was delivered at the College of Music, on the evening of September 25, by Mr. T. C. Jeffers, organist of the Central Methodist Church. A pleasing programme of vocal and instrumental music was performed, in which Miss Smart, Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, Mr. Jeffers, Mr. Edgar R. Doward and Mr. H. G. Kirby took part.

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The Philharmonic Society is leaving no stone unturned to maintain its position as the first (in all senses of the word) musical society in the city. Negotiations are in progress, with great prospects of success, to secure for the Elijah concert, the greatest singer of the principal part in the oratorio, no less a personage than the celebrated Charles Santley. Santley's singing of the Elijah music is acknowledged the world over to be the greatest and most perfect model, and if the society is so fortunate as to conclude these arrangements, it will afford a rare treat to the public and a magnificent study for all singers. The Zerrahn concerts, also, will afford us a great pleasure in their orchestral numbers; many pieces new to Toronto audiences, twenty orchestral numbers being on the programmes. Among these are Reinecke's Introduction to the Fifth Act of Manfred, Gillet's Loin du Bal, and Grieg's Herzwunden and Fruehling for string orchestra. For full orchestra there are Dvorak's Slavonic Dances, Chopin's Funeral March, Saint-Saens' Danse Macabre, Hiller's Sentinel, Rubinstein's Bal Costume, Saint-Saens' Une Nuit a Lisbonne, Grieg's Suite Peer Gynt, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Gounod's Saint Cecilia, with overtures and selections that have been done here before. This is a splendid array of orchestral music, and with the vocalists and Philharmonic chorus should prove the most attractive bill of the early season.

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The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, with its accustomed energy, has arranged for its annual concert on November 13, with Mrs. Caldwell, the Mendelssohn Quartette of Detroit, Miss Jessie Alexander and Mr. and Mrs. Blight as attractions.

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Among other attractions of the future will be found the concerts of the Swedish Ladies' National Concert Company at the Pavilion on Friday and Saturday next. When these ladies visited us last year they made a most delightful impression, especially in their ensemble singing, and a hearing of their repertoire will afford lively pleasure to all who attend the concerts.

•

Another date is the concert to be given on the 14th inst., at the Pavilion by Signor E. Rubini, who is now a permanent resident of this city. He will be assisted by Madame D'Auria and Miss Louie Gordon, the latter being a late arrival from England, whose performances as a pianist have earned for her very favorable press notices. The programme will be filled out by some of Sig. Rubini's pupils and he promises that some magnificent voices will be heard.

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Another jewel in the crown of society waltzes has been added by the publication by Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer of the Menonah waltz. Menonah is a bright, tuneful waltz, well constructed and not too difficult, composed by Mrs. Juliette D'Erveux Smith and should soon become a favorite.

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Mr. W. Edgar Buck has been appointed choirmaster of the Carlton street Methodist Church, and Miss Maud Fuller of Montreal has been engaged as contralto. METRONOME.

## The Drama.

Richard Golden, in Old Jed Prouty, finished the week at the Grand. This play will be noticed at length next week.

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"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." How much are we reminded of this old and trite saying in reading the wonderful story by Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett of Little Lord Fauntleroy, and its truth comes even with greater force when we look upon it as a play. The character of Cedric is so simple and natural we are drawn toward the simple child with a strange infatuation. The story was written for children and first appeared in the *St. Nicholas* magazine. But its beauties were soon discovered by the parents, and to-day Little Lord Fauntleroy is found in all well regulated libraries, and is standard as well as the works of Dickens and others. It is seldom that ministers of the gospel are seen in our opera houses. Many exceptions to this rule have been made in the case of Fauntleroy, and many a minister has received a lesson in the cardinal virtues that has enabled him to present to the children of his flock a picture of the true child, the loving, loyal boy not found elsewhere, and yet after witnessing the play, many a fond parent is found asking themselves, "Why can't my boy possess these qualities?" To all parents we can unreservedly say, by all means take your children to see this lovely play, and when the tear dims the eye don't be ashamed of it. It will soon pass away with the many little flashes of comedy that follow, and in the end you will feel all the purer and nobler for having seen Little Lord Fauntleroy. It will be presented at the Grand Opera House Thursday, Friday and Saturday, October 9, 10 and 11, with special matinee on Saturday.

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Daniel Frohman's company presenting that popular society drama The Wife will appear at the Grand Opera House the first three nights of next week. The Wife was played here last season with great success. It is a good play and is deserving of the best patronage. Daniel Frohman's name ought to be a surety for an excellent company.

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The show given by Pat Rooney and his company, while having no dramatic value, has the merit of being bright, clean and wholesome, and of furnishing a cheerful evening's entertainment. Pat's Wardrobe, as the piece in which they appear is called, is chiefly a musical wardrobe, which, though not containing anything startlingly new, is yet well stocked with some respectably old and popular airs, pretty nicely sung. There are many of us who have a partiality for those old melodies though they are perhaps a trifle chestnutty, and when they are administered to us in small doses from a silver spoon we take them easily and cheerfully. Pat Rooney has an individuality all his own. For all the Irish comedians and Irish acrobats and vocalists and Irish everything else that infest the stage, Mr. Rooney has a corner to himself which no one traveling this way has yet tried to usurp. He has a face as Irish as potatoes and buttermilk—the very type of Irish face, when made up, that caricaturists employ. When he looks sideways, dances his clog dances with machine-like precision, or struts about on his short legs perking his head from side to side like a bird, he is as funny as he well can be. His first assistant is billed as Mattie Rooney. She is a bright and smart little girl, who sings and dances prettily, though she is rather young yet to be of much account. The rest of the company lend very efficient support.

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Mr. M. B. Curtis, who made his fame in Sam'l of Posen, will appear next week, at the Academy of Music, in his new comedy, The Shatchen. The chief character in The Shatchen is a Hebrew, and is said to be made even funnier by Mr. Curtis than his well-known Sam'l. Mr. Curtis is supported by Mr. George Osborn and a good list of players.

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At Jacobs & Sparrow's, The World Against Her has appeared again this week with Agnes Wallace Villa as a star. As this play and many of the company were seen at this house so recently as last May, it is unnecessary to go into the details of the performance. Miss Villa is a pretty fair actress, and the company has done good business here this week.

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At Jacobs & Sparrow's next week will appear Our American Stars, billed as an eminently proficient organization of mirth-provokers. The company contains Mr. John Hart, Miss Elle Wesner, Frank and Lillian White, Billy Carter, Sam Morton, Kitty Morton, Rose King, Tommy and Charlie McChane, Gus Mills, Miss Blanche Walworth, Elnino Eddie, the world-famed Lenton Brothers, Prof. A. C. Leture and Charles Devene.

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Among other important engagements in New York for this season, Miss Jessie Alexander is to give a full recital for the Mechanics' Institute of that city, in Chickering Hall, on December 18. Her annual recital in Association Hall, on Tuesday next, October 7, promises to eclipse all her previous excellent entertainments. The plan at Nordheimer's is rapidly filling up, and a full house will testify its appreciation of this gifted artiste's efforts in providing a refined and elevating evening's program me.

## 'Varsity Chat.

Any visitor to the precincts of old 'varsity this week would be able at once to realize that college term had again begun, for hurrying to and fro could be seen groups of students with a look of exasperated determination on their countenances as they were in search of boarding houses, and what visions of varied scenes arise in the mind of a college man in after years as he thinks of the hours he has spent and the mental energy he has dissipated in his efforts to obtain comfortable and suitable compartments for the burning of the midnight oil! A new generation—the gentlemen of the first year—were admitted to the college halls on Wednesday, in due course of time to take the place of those who passed from out the portals last June into the world of practical activity. In the class are representatives from all sections of the province and even beyond it, so, then, it is hard to surmise what is the prevailing idea among them. Like their predecessors, they will doubtless endeavor to cultivate an *esprit de corps* adapted to their surroundings.

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One of the sister colleges—McMaster Hall—has taken to housekeeping on the fortune left her by the deceased gentleman whose name she bears and she will be known as McMaster University. Following the example of old 'Varsity, her halls of learning are open to all classes and creeds, but only to those who attend the lectures will the residential accommodation of the hall be allowed. Students of other institutions may be hungry and thirsty but to them no meat and drink will be furnished unless they forsake their *alma mater* and cleave to the truth as expounded at McMaster.

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Wycliffe is expanding her wings, and her new building is rising up in the midst of the remains of the forest to the north-east of University college. She, together with Knox and St. Michael's, remains faithful to the federation and the cause of national education tempered with options in subjects that might lead to contention on Christian faith and doctrine.

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Prof. Ramsay Wright has been in Europe during the holidays peering into the methods there followed in the teaching of biology.

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Prof. Ashley by reading a paper on Land Tenure at Leeds before a section of the British Association has shown to the people of Great Britain that his mental vision has not been dulled in Canada.

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The students have undertaken to publish a paper bearing the name and title of *The 'Varsity*. The first issue of the journal will appear next Tuesday and the boys are beaming with the radiance of contemplated success. Writers of sentimental verse may think there is something facetious in the announcement that the sanctum is situated in the third storey of a building. If the editors will make *The 'Varsity* a mirror of the facts, all the facts and nothing but the facts, arising out of the life and history of the University they will have more ground for success than by endeavoring to dictate what the facts ought to be. Their chief care will doubtless be to collect the pearls that are strewn about and in their editorial page suggest, advise and advocate what form the jewel should assume.

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As for ourselves we have not yet begun to work. In a few days all the different societies, clubs and associations will be ready for action, and as we come in contact with one another we will have something to discuss. Without a grievance no body of students could exist. A man who cannot find a bone of contention at college has missed his calling and he should immediately betake himself to the woods as there will be no hope for him in the future.

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"A walking encyclopædia" is a term that has sometime or other been used to denote that the person to whom it is applied is a profound scholar, but it has been remarked that if James Brebner, assistant librarian, labors as hard for a few months longer as he has during the past six months in arranging the thousands of books that arrive at the library he will be a walking index. Fame would knock at Mr. Brebner's door if he would write a volume on How to Catalogue Books In a Close Room During the Heat of Summer. Jim, you have had the experience why not give it to the world?

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A freshman wants to know: What honor course Sergeant McKim got the medals in? Where the grave of the mufti is and whether his murders have ever been tried? How it was the fire did not purify the records of the "starred" men? DRAX ALEEN.

## The Daily Life of the Baby King of Spain.

(TRANSLATED FROM *FIGARO* BY J. E. THOMPSON.)

The most popular sovereign of the whole world, is it not Alphonso XIII. the little successor of Charles V., before whose cradle have disappeared the civil discords which have troubled Spain?

Every woman is interested in the infant king and would like to know something of his amusements and habits. The apartment occupied by His Majesty is situated on the second story of the Palais Royal of Madrid, above that of his mother, the Queen Regent. The King's bed is of bronze with sky-blue curtains and coverlet. On a couch in front of the bed the Queen slept seven nights in succession with her clothes on during the illness of her son. The Queen's chamber communicates by a little winding staircase with that of the King. The least sound, a cough, a sigh in the middle of the night is heard by the Queen who sleeps very lightly. No one knows how often she leaps from her bed and runs to the stairs and listens with that anxiety which only a mother feels.

His little Majesty rises at seven. His governess, Madam Tacon and Raymunde, his nurse, attend to his toilet; but first the little King kneeling on the bed, repeats his daily prayer for the memory of his father, the late King Alphonso XII., that God will preserve his mother's health, and for the welfare of Spain. Immediately after the bath, *a l'Anglaise*, a large tub of cold water, the servants enter bearing chocolate on a silver tray ornamented with the royal arms.

At nine o'clock the Queen, who has long been up, comes in, embraces her dear son and putting him on her knees, laughs with him and forgets everything else—business, cabinet councils, visits and ceremonies. During this the Captain General of Madrid will be waiting downstairs for the password for the day for the sentinels. Under the happy impressions of the moment, she writes the password on a piece of paper "Alphonso-Love" or "Baby-Sunshine." The general then knows that the mother is happy.

At noon he has lunch, sometimes at his mother's table, but not always. The little King speaks three languages, which he learns at the same time, Spanish, English and German. In fine weather he takes a drive without an escort to the Casa de Campo where he descends from the carriage to run and amuse himself under the trees. If the weather is unfavorable the King remains in the palace or joins the Queen at some reception, but he prefers to play with his sisters, the Princesses Mercedes and Marie Therese, of whom he is very fond. At seven o'clock a simple dinner of two courses is served. At half past eight the baby King is put in bed. He dislikes to be called your Majesty by his mother, preferring her to call him by the pet name of "Paby." He was four years old last May.

### Certainly He Might.

"My object in calling this evening," he began, with a nervous tremble of his chin, "was to ask you, Katie—I may call you Katie, may I not?"

"Certainly, Mr. Longripe," said the sweet young girl. "All of papa's elderly friends call me Katie."

And he said nothing further about his object in calling.

### A Suspicious Circumstance.

Patrick (just recovering from the effects of ether in the hospital)—Oh, where am I? Where am I? Dr. Sawbones (with a wink)—In Heaven. Patrick (looking around)—Then I'd like to know phwat you're doing here.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

### The Wreck of the Birkenhead.

*For Saturday Night.*

Athenians! land your Marathon!—Spartans! Thermopylæ
Ye Seven Hills! by Tiber's bridge, sing of the deathless three,
Ye lonely Alpine shepherds! sound the horn of Uri still,
O'er dark Morgarten's fatal pass, o'er Sempach's glorious hill;
And Orient boast thy countless tombs where sleep the valiant dead,
Whose stout lives saw the Moslem crush'd beneath their mail-clad tread;
And mine to tell how valor won a fadeless, high renown
When manhood knelt at duty's shrine, when the Birkenhead went down.

Forget not, O my countrymen! the noble deed they did,
"*The women and the children first.*" Forget it? God forbid.
Easy to die a soldier's death amidst the embattling host,
But here was death in silence met, each soldier at his post,
Not midst the gladsome beams of day, nor evening's mellow'd light,
But face to face with horror, in the fearsome gloom of night,
O, steadfast hearts! unseen of all save the Omniscient Eye,
Your faithful valor show'd the world how England's heroes die.

. . . . . .

The good ship nears Algoa's bay—her voyage almost done,
Faded the perils of the past, the haven all but won;
Aloft, with straining vision, stands the lookout's sentinel,
While to the watch's challenge comes the answering cry,
"All's well!"
Below, midst jest and merriment, the listener's blood is stirr'd
When, at his comrade's lusty call, the veteran's tale is heard,
How he had join'd the service when a beardless country lad,
And with the gallant Thirteenth stormed and held Jellalabad.

God! 'tis a gruesome thing to hear the Great Destroyer's voice
When song, and jest and merriment bid mortal hearts rejoice,
E'en as he speaks, a horrid crash, a soul-appalling shock
Tells, but too well, the stout ship's doom—pierc'd by a hidden rock.
"Reverse the engines!" Salmond's words—oh, fatal error here,
The piercing mass, thus shaken off, leaves but an opening clear
For the vast hell of seething foam that bursts, in volumed tide,
Its hoarse Niagara through the rent made in the vessel's side.

Christ! speed the hurrying feet that strive to reach the upper air!
Jesu! the hopeless frenzy of a drowning woman's prayer.
Here is the King of Terrors—here the Carnival of Death,
See! see! you eyeball's anguish'd glare that marks the stifled breath;
Strangled the sailor at his post, the soldier in his berth,
Strangled the sleeper in his sleep, and the jester in hi mirth;
Only the arm of God can save from such appalling woe—
*A sinking ship, a sullen sky, and ravening waves below.*

"The lifeboat's swamp'd! three boats are left," is gallant Seton's cry,
(For ev'ry child and woman sav'd, twelve men are left to die)
"*The women and the children first*"—nor plaint, nor murmur's made
By England's noble hero hearts. Steady, as on parade,
They see the crowded boats go forth into the outer gloom,
Steady, as if on Hounslow Heath, they face their awful doom,
And such a fate! No trumpet call, nor battle's generous glow,
*A sinking ship, a sullen sky, and the hungry sharks below.*

O leal hearts! O wondrous discipline! Immortal wreck! Shoulder to shoulder, under arms, they throng the slipp'ry deck,
Mark'd on each brow is Valour's seal, and sternly pale each face
That will not gaze on Life's sweet smiles when living is disgrace,
Calmly they stand, in silence, as brave Seton's voice is heard,
And, to that awful silence, thus their colonel's parting word
"A soldier's back knows but one foe—Dishonor—the only one,
Men! we can only die here"—and the colonel's speech is done.

Abaft the mainmast rent in twain, her funnel o'er her sl ta,
High in the air her bowsprit turns, her stern is 'neath the tide,
One quivering lurch, a swirl of waters, and the ship is gone,
Now, now the desperate struggle where Eternity is won,
Down down, such'd into the abyss, ten score sleep their last sleep,
And stifled screams from others tell of monsters of the deep,
(Horror on horror meets me here and pen and language fail
Where only one in four survive to tell the glorious tale).

. . . . . .

Athenians! land your Marathon?—Spartans! Thermopylæ!
Ye Seven Hills! by Tiber's bridge, sing of the deathless Three!
Ye lonely Alpine shepherds! sound the horn of Uri still,
O'er dark Morgarten's fatal pass—o'er Sempach's glorious hill;
And Orient boast thy countless tombs where sleep the valiant dead
Whose stout lives saw the Moslem crush'd beneath their mail-clad tread;
And mine to tell how Valor won a fadeless high renown
When Manhood knelt at Duty's shrine,—when the Birkenhead went down.

HERBERT K. COCKIN.

### Popocatapetl.

Full twenty years ago I trudged,
A happy lad, to school,
Where with industrious brain I strove
To mind the teacher's rule
The great "three R's" I mastered well,
But "spelling" tried my mettle,
And, saddest tale!—I ever failed
At "Popocatapetl!"

No matter if I did excel
In Latin or in Greek,
Or tho' of mathematic lore
With wisdom could I speak;
My triumph would the teacher quell,
And my poor brain nettle,
Whenever he'd but bid me spell
Dread "Popocatapetl!"

Oh, snow-capped peak of Mexico
Remembered in my past!
Like thee, the mountains of our lives
Are reached and scaled at last!
Each day we meet and conquer them—
Grim cares that try our mettle—
All bugbears of the human heart,
Like Popocatapetl. —*Yankee Blade.*

## Noted People.

Anton Rubinstein is staying in the Black Forest, and is so busy composing that he rarely goes out except for an hour's stroll late in the afternoon. He is thought to be at work on a grand opera.

Lord Charles Beresford was compelled to go to sea again in order to qualify himself for flag rank, but so soon as he has completed the necessary period of service he will again seek to enter Parliament.

Stepniak, or rather the Russian who has made that name famous (his identity is somewhat a mystery to the public at large), is to come to this country in December and lecture on Nihilism and kindred topics.

The English newspapers are praising Lady Lambert for her accuracy of aim, as well as for her skill in deer stalking. For the second time this season she has brought down a noble stag while stalking in Abernethy Forest. The last one weighed about fourteen stone.

Lord Sudely and the Earl of Coventry have recently come before the public as successful manufacturers of jam. According to the testimony of several of the leading English grocers, their lordships produce "a really superior article." Lord Coventry has, moreover, taken the first prize in jams at the recent Royal Agricultural Society Exhibition.

The Marchioness of Huntly did a grateful act the other day. She was a passenger in the Scotch express that was so nearly wrecked at Selby in Yorkshire, but happily the presence of mind of the signalman prevented the accident. The Marchioness sent the man a cheque for £5 and a scarf pin set with brilliants, and suggests that he will wear it for "good luck."

Archduchess Valerie, the recently married daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, is staying with her husband at the Hotel Victoria, at Interlaken, Switzerland. Though their rank is known among the guests, they dine at the *table d'hote* and spend their evenings in the reading-room. The archduchess gains many admirers by her gentleness.

Will Carleton, the popular author of Farm Ballads, is a broad-shouldered, erect, handsome man, looking like a soldier rather than a poet, and like a very well dressed Wall street man rather than like either. He is a great favorite as a lecturer, is a capital mimic, an excellent story-teller, and "if he be not fellow of the best kings, is at least the best king of good fellows."

The Queen of Roumania has had two serious troubles, which preyed sadly on her excitable, emotional nature. Her only daughter died, and Charles, her husband, has adopted a grown-up nephew to fill the State vacancy, but everybody knows this is not the same thing to the poor Queen Consort, whose position is never the same as when her own child comes next in succession.

Inventor Edison is an indefatigable worker, and he pays little heed to the passage of time when occupied with a new experiment or some fresh investigation. A day or two ago, a gentleman who was visiting his laboratory, and whose son was about to enter upon his first employment, asked Edison to give him a motto for the boy, so that he might have it as stimulus and guide. Mr. Edison laughed a little at the novel request, and then said: "Well, I'll give him this: 'Never look at the clock.'"

A rather amusing incident connected with the late visit of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn to Tory Island on the occasion of the opening of the new telegraph station on that island, erected by Lloyd's, may not be generally known. The sea on that morning happened to be very rough, and so the visitors experienced great trouble in landing without getting wet. The Duchess, however, set the ladies of the party a good example by boldly tucking up her skirts and taking her seat on the back of a brawny native, in which rather peculiar manner she was safely conveyed ashore.

The Mikado of Japan is the first sovereign whom his subjects have been allowed to behold in person, Japanese etiquette having for ages required the strictest seclusion for sacred majesty. Unfortunately, perhaps, for the preservation of that divinity which doth hedge a king, he is an ugly little man with thick lips, low forehead, dull eyes, and scanty beard. But his bearing, like Queen Victoria's, is full of dignity, his manners are perfect, he is both intelligent and accomplished, and his ideal of sovereignty is the welfare of his people.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has celebrated his eighty-first birthday at his home at Beverly Farms, near Boston. He received a large number of visitors, and was also the recipient of numerous gifts of flowers and fruit. Mrs. Maria Porter brought an original poem, which she read to Dr. Holmes at his request. Miss Barclay sent from Scotland a picture of Robert Browing, taken at Venice shortly before his death. Among the numerous letters of congratulation received during the day was a charming one from James Russell Lowell. Dr. Holmes met his visitors in the drawing-room, where he shook hands and chatted with each caller for a few moments. To one he said, "I feel very young; it is only the birthdays that remind me of advancing years."

Miss Kate Drexel, the Philadelphia heiress, who entered the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in Pittsburg, some time ago, is described as being as firm as ever in her determination to become a recluse. As Sister Cathmination to become a recluse. As Sister Catherine she enjoys no special distinction among her associates on account of her wealth, she has the same probationary labours and corporal privations as her sister novices, and is obliged, like them, to strive for the effacement of self in a spirit of absolute humility. During the winter and spring she studied the duties of a nurse at the Mercy Hospital with a degree of devotion to which many a sufferer has furnished thankful testimony. Later on she assisted the teachers in the academy attached to the Mercy Convent, and also helped the two sisters who have charge of the coloured school in Fulton-street under the auspices of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. She will continue this work during ming year.

## In Pursuit of Happiness.---No. 4.

THE camping place at the upper end of Long Portage is not a good one. The very narrow, boulder-strewn path descends the hill amidst an almost impenetrable thicket of scrubby birch and poplar, and just by the shore of a little marshy bay a small space has been kept clear by campers and *voyageurs*. As almost every party tramping across the portage finds it necessary to camp here, the limited space has bred those nuisances, the smallest of which is the colony of old tin cans, piles of fish bones, a rotten shoe or piece of decayed pork lying at the edge of the water. Pa. and I had brought the wood, and when at night-fall the men finished their portaging they went out and got some water in the river which made it much pleasanter than drinking from the margin of the tainted bay. As I said in my last letter, the Genius, the Professor and Tomsing went down below the falls fishing. Riley and Pa. and I had another apostolic day—caught nothing—above the falls, so, quite early, we started to get supper. We had ham and eggs. I opened the gross of eggs alleged to have been specially packed at Nepigon and the first sniff I got constituted my share of that consignment of hen fruit. The eggs were not rotten but they were infernally ripe. Indians are very fond of eggs even when strong enough to turn themselves over in the pan. We had fish caught up at Camp Alexander and boiled beans and baked onions and marmalade—a great lay out to celebrate the hard day's work and the escape on Pa., Riley and myself from a watery grave. It was dark before this feast was ready and we shouted and shrieked and I fired off my revolver and a whole lot of very explosive adjectives, but we could not attract the attention of the pious delegation down the river. Remembering the old motto that the way to bring delinquents to dinner is to begin to eat, we began. I had made no remark about the eggs and Pa. and Riley seemed to take to them very kindly. Pa. is very fastidious as a rule and it surprised me to see him munching those nest eggs with unconcealed relish. As he and Riley were each finishing their fourth they noticed that I was hanging back. I explained that eggs were not good for rheumatism. I had instructed the Indians previously to eat all the eggs they wanted and they were doing very nicely till Pa. suggested that I should ask them to leave some for the brethren down the river. I told him I didn't think it would matter, they might not keep that long. "Why," says he, "they are fresh aren't they?"

"Middling," I retorted, "go and smell the box."

Just then the Professor and Tomsing arrived. Neither of them had a dry stitch on, but they were in very high spirits,—twelve and fifteen trout apiece.

To the man who has been in camp all afternoon with occasional abortive attempts to catch fish, the excited harangue of two fishermen returned from a successful afternoon is absolutely childish. The Professor is of large and dignified appearance, and Tomsing is a leading lawyer, but as they tipped the fish out of their baskets and displayed them to our view and told where they caught this one and what an exciting fight they had with that one and how near they came to perishing in the rapids in pursuit of another one, they argued with one another and jabbered—absolutely jabbered—and shivered, and then were struck with some other reminiscence and flew off the handle again, and argued as to exactly where they caught this big one, whether it was by the big flat rock or under the stub of the jack-pine or out in the little swirl to the left of the rapids. Finally, the three christian gentlemen who had not been with them became very weary and told them to go and take off their wet clothes or they would get their death. While the Professor was in the tent trying to skin a wet shirt from his back or struggling frantically to get outside of a pair of clinging drawers, he shouted out, "Say, Tomsing, it was by the little black rock I caught that biggest one. I am sure of it because I lost my landing net there." A roar of laughter greeted this denouement of his latest loss and the Professor subsided. Tomsing, however, insisted on undressing right by the fire and never for an instant ceased his excited description of the afternoon's sport. Looking back at those camping days I'm pleased to think how boyish and natural those grave men acted—particularly when I recall my own delirious joy when I returned to camp with more than one poor lonely little trout on my string.

In the meantime we had sent a couple of Indians across the river to hunt for the Genius. They brought him back a half an hour later bent double with lumbago and without a dry hair on his head. He had climbed through two miles of mountain scrub, fished through about two miles of rapids, where a mis-step would be sudden death, and after wading and slipping and climbing back to where the Indians could pick him up he was feeling almost paralyzed with fatigue. When they helped him out of the canoe, he looked like a jack-knife half open, but he refused nourishment, dry clothes or even a cup of coffee till he had emptied out his fish and assured himself that he had caught as many as the other brethren.

At this point the Professor was discovered with nothing on but an overcoat, meekly assuring the assembled citizens that if he could only find his night-shirt and a pair of trousers he would do very nicely till he went to bed. In the meantime he saw the fish belonging to the Genius and sat down on the grass with nothing on as aforesaid but an overcoat, to demonstrate that both he and Tomsing had beaten the latest arrival. It was nine o'clock before we got those lunatics clothed and fed. They all relished the eggs. The Genius told me I should be very careful or the Indians would eat them all. The Indians are very much inclined to devour all the delicacies of any sort which may be lying about. A quart bottle of pickles was only an appetizer for our guides, while on one occasion a gallon of maple syrup and again a five-pound cheese flitted away at a single dessert. It having been discovered that Riley's watch had stopped, the Professor—the only other person who was carrying a timepiece—was asked to tell us the hour. Fifteen minutes afterwards the Professor approached us in an apologetic way and stated: "I feel sure I saw that watch

while I was down there fishing. Tomsing, you mind my taking out of my watch and telling you it was a quarter past seven." No, Tomsing didn't remember.

"But, Tomsing, you must remember asking me the time."

No, Tomsing did not remember.

"You recollect me telling you that it was nearly half-past seven before we started to come back."

Tomsing—"I recollect something being said about it being nearly eight o'clock, and I said if we didn't start soon, we would never find our way through the brush, and you didn't want to come even then."

We all started to hunt for the watch. After about a half an hour's search we had the Professor's wet clothes gathered together, but there was no watch.

"What pocket did you carry it in Professor?" asked Riley, who was the unfortunate proprietor of the lost watch, and had loaned it to the Professor.

"I think I must have had it in the pocket of my blouse. I remember now, when I lost my landing net, bending over to land a fish with my hands and it seems to me I did hear a splash of some sort and I suppose it was the watch."

"What makes you think it was the watch, Professor?" inquired Pa.

"Why it was the last fish I caught. No, it was not the last fish I caught, because I lost my landing net with three fish in it in the afternoon. No, I must have lost my watch with that big fish I caught there by the little black rock. Don't you remember hearing a splash then, Tomsing?"

No, Tomsing didn't remember.

"I am not *sure* that I had it in my blouse pocket, but it seems to me that I remember taking it out of that pocket once. It must have been in that pocket, Tomsing, because if it had been in my trowser pocket it would have been wet, and if it had got wet it would have stopped running, wouldn't it, Riley?"

Riley said he thought it would, that it was not intended to run under water. He also remarked that Waterbury's are not necessarily submarine in their action.

"Well, I remember distinctly looking at the watch after seven o'clock and then I caught that big fish and I heard a splash. I guess then is when I must have lost it."

This settled it and further search for the watch was abandoned.

We had a very pleasant evening around the fire. The ham and eggs and fish, and marmalade and strong coffee made the Professor forget his lost watch and the Genius thought no more of his lumbago. The firewood I had cut with such infinite toil on the bank was blazing brightly—I don't want you to forget about this wood—and the conversation turned on the question of Verbal Inspiration. In an argument into which we had drifted I kept fortifying my position by insisting that the Baptists must accept the doctrine of their theologians that every word in the Bible was inspired, that not only did the words and chapters and books and epistles and prophecies, etc., contain a message, but that every word of them was dictated by God himself. This is a very hard argument to uphold, and Riley very calmly stated his unbelief in any such extreme doctrine. Pa. was hedging on it, too, a good deal, and Tomsing and the Professor were neither of them upholding it with all their might. The Genius, however, took a pride in accepting everything from index to finis as part of an immortal plan. The discussion grew very warm and, as usual, I found myself alone before it was half over. I pointed in vain to the well known interpolations, to the addition of verses, to the elimination of chapters, to the decision of councils which had made the Bible what it is, but the Genius contended that as it stands every word of it is inspired from "A" to Izzard. I inquired how there could be room for the revised version, if every word in King James' translation was inspired. Then he moved back to the "original version," then I reminded him how many so called original versions had been found, one preceding the other, to the possibility of finding some verses in one not in the others, that it would be safer to contend that it contained a divine revelation, a message from God, and not that every word and syllable of it was a portion of a message from God. I reminded him that it did not need a straight-laced theologian to believe that God who had created us, His children, would speak to us, would direct us, would provide us with such prophets and teachers as should be able to give us a written text for our guidance, but that He would be very unlikely to give us such a hard and fast rule that nation succeeding nation, age growing in grandeur upon age, would have the same divine words, the same metaphors, the same everything to guide them as the most primitive people to whom he spoke on Mount Sinai and with whom he worked in Judea. I tried to point out that the message could never grow without this admission, without believing to a certain extent in modern inspiration, that the Biblical truths were so certainly and intrinsically divine that it would always be possible for Christians to maintain the inspiration of the message while it would be very difficult in the changed meaning of words, the translation from one language to another, the additions, subtractions, and interpolations to pass every eye without detection, and that verbal inspiration would consequently be discredited. It was no use. The Genius insisted upon every syllable of the Bible and the Testament having come from God, and this being discovered to be orthodox was finally accepted as the view of the camp, and I was in the usual minority of one.

Next morning was inclined to be rainy. We broke camp early and started for Pine Portage. While Riley was kicking over some of the brush which had formed our bed of the night before, his foot caught in the chain attached to the Professor's watch. He fished it up and explained to the Professor where he found it, and all at once that good man remembered having carefully laid it down there.

"How about hearing it go 'plunk' in the water Professor?" inquired Tomsing, "at half past seven."

The Professor looked shame-faced for a moment and his mouth curved in a queer little smile as he answered, "I guess that must have been my knife. It is gone too." DON.

## The Wreck of the Birkenhead.

On the 5th of November last the Army and Navy Veterans celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Inkerman. On that occasion I was personally honored by the society's asking me to propose the toast of the evening. A number of veterans responded to the toast—in all cases admirably—but nothing so deeply impressed me as the story of The Wreck of the Birkenhead, told in simple language by one of the survivors.

The story of the wreck of this troopship, with 630 souls on board, affords us one of the sublimest instances of faithful valor, of passive heroism that the world has known. Balaclava, to my thinking, fades into insignificance before it. Nor does its lustre fade by contrast with Thermopylæ. Cocles and his two companions held the bridge before the eyes of a nation—and that nation their own. The bull-dog tenacity of the English infantry at Waterloo was wonderful, but its terrible tension was lessened by the spectacle of exciting events which continually occurred at various parts of the field. Balaclava, I know, lies close to the heart of the nation. Nor do I seek to impeach its claim to our deepest admiration, but the great charge had compensatory influences in itself to check man's natural fear of death. Every man, whose foot has pressed a stirrup, knows the reckless insensibility to danger that is engendered by the exhilaration born of rapid locomotion in the saddle. Add to this the stirring blast of the trumpet-call that sounds the charge, —the hand knitted to the sabre—the resolute glance of veteran comrades—foemen in front who had been "devilishly well thrash'd by the Heavies" a day or two before. Add also to this the burning desire of the Light Brigade to wipe out the stain of maddening taunts repeatedly thrown at them by the Heavies and then note how utterly absent were all these incentives to the men who so resolutely turned their backs on dishonor in the wreck of the Birkenhead. Here was death at sea, in the silence of the night. No human foe to grapple with, no sign of life save the hungry sharks that awaited the feast of death. Their nerves braced up to steady determination by the mere sense of duty and the wondrous discipline of the service,—restrained from action to prefer obedience to imperilling the last chance of saving the lives of women and children—to look calmly and collectedly on death in its most hideous form, this does indeed infer moral and physical courage of the highest order, this does indeed afford to us one of the sublimest spectacles of faithful valor the world has ever known. Think of it,—the lifeboat swamped, three boats only left, capable of holding but seventy in all, and one faintly realizes the conduct of gallant Seton and the men who stood to their arms, as if on parade, and went down with the sinking ship. It is in deeds such as this that succeeding generations are stimulated to deeds of heroism. It is fidelity such as this which tells to Britons in unmistakable language that the unflinching valor of our ancestors is the heritage of the men of to-day as well as the memories of our glorious past. H. K. COCKIN.

## Art and Artists.

The Art Students' League will re-open for the season of 1890-91 on Monday evening next. The "raids" made by the Sketch Club into different picturesque parts of the surrounding country during the summer were sources of much profit and enjoyment to such members as could take advantage of them. An exhibition of this summer work will be held, probably in November. The League commences its season under good auspices, and no doubt this season will be made as profitable to members as the past two seasons have been. With such an enthusiastic president as Billy Thomson, whose excellent sketches in the Saturday *Globe* during the past year has lent such an interest to that paper, and with such able officers as Sam Jones, R. Holmes and Charlie Jeffreys, the prospects for the future are bright. The League still retains its old quarters in the Imperial Bank building.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid have returned to town from Lambton Mills where they have been spending the summer. Mr. Reid painted one large subject, which I hope to be able describe at greater length some future day.

An article is in course of preparation for the *New England Magazine* of Boston on the leading artists of Canada. The writer is Mr. W. Blackburn Harte, formerly of this city.

Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles, A.R.C.A., issued cards for a private exhibition of paintings and sketches at his studio, 162 Jarvis street, for yesterday and to-day (October 3 and 4. Further notice next week. VAN.

## Literary Notes.

Mr. W. W. Campbell is one of the most successful Canadian writers of verse who contribute to American magazines. Poems by him will appear during the coming year in the *Atlantic, Century, Harper's Monthly, Independent and Youth's Companion.* Mr. Campbell has recently returned from New Brunswick to reside in his native province.

The complete story in *Lippincott's Magazine* for October is by W. Clarke Russell, and is entitled A Marriage at Sea. The number is a good one and contains work from the pens of Julian Hawthorne, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Bessie Chandler, T. R. McCabe and others.

*Scribner's* for October contains a number of interesting features. Mr. Zogbaum continues his article on From Port to Port with the White Squadron. Another marine article, With a Cable Expedition, is contributed by Herbert Laws, excellently illustrated. The Lake Country of New England is dealt with by Newman Smyth. Duncan Campbell Scott, Louise Chandler Moulton, Edith M. Thomas, Charles F. Lummis are represented in verse.

## Reopening the City House.

Unless one is of the millionaires who have a housekeeper and a retinue of servants in every house, or of those who, at any rate, have a housekeeper to send before and make the city house ready for occupancy after it has been left all summer to the invasions of dust and showers and possible thieves, and all the other contingencies of vacancy, the return to the city house has an element of discomfort and dreariness that makes one feel for a day or two as if the winter pleasures were being purchased at too dear a rate, and as if, after all, the possession of two homes were a doubtful blessing.

Perhaps the man left in a sort of general charge of that and a dozen others has taken down the wooden shutters and doors, if such were put up, and has swept the area and the sidewalk, and has turned on the water; but that is about all that has been done, unless you have been able to send some servants in advance—a difficult thing to do in the midst of shutting up the sea-side or mountain house you are just leaving, and of course a nearly impossible thing if you have been moving boarding. One has the alternative of doing this, or of making arrangements with some trusty charwoman to take off the first dust and throw the house open, or else one turns the key, and goes in to meet a scene of desolation that is depressing, to say the least. A dull dead air awaits you, too dead to salute you, but which has about it a sense of its having taken refuge from the million lungs of the city in the empty halls and parlors, for fear that if it were breathed once more there would be nothing left of it. Dust—fine dust—has filtered through the solid walls, it would seem, for it has overlaid everything; you can hardly see through the windows; the bare floors and walls give great lonely echoes; the bare windows, the carpets rolled away, the shrouded chandeliers, the covered furniture, all make such a scene of desolation that you wonder if this could ever have been the happy home you remember here. You wander from room to room; nothing is familiar; all is a desert, a ruin; it is the heated ghost of your home. If it were not for the exhilaration and expectancy that almost always come with change, you could sit down and cry in the first chair that offers its kindly arms to you. But you do not. You call your nerves to the front, and make a demand upon all your executive powers; scrub women are sent for, the carpets are unrolled, dusters, mops, and brooms are brought into use. Workmen appear, not by magic, but by previous arrangement; carpets are rolled into place, windows are washed, walls are wiped, pictures are uncovered and rehung, fires are lit, beds are made; there is something to eat; one room emerges from chaos into a likeness of its old self; but you go to bed wishing you had but one residence and had stayed in it. With the morning, however, you wake refreshed, all your aids about you, the poles changed, and by nightfall again you are half inclined to wonder if you really have been away all this summer. Even if you have sat in your easy chair and ordered all this it is a nervous strain full of fatigue, and you and all about you realize that a home is not even kept, to say nothing of its being won, without ever-recurring exertion.

## First Come, First Served.

Pullman Porter (to train robbers).—What's de use ob stopping this yere train? Yer might have knowed de passengers 'ain't got a cent.

Nevada Mike.—How should we know?

Pullman Porter (drawing himself up proudly).—Ain't I aboard?—*Harper's Bazar.*

# HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

*Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.*

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"I'LL HUNT YOU OUT YET."

The man flushed angrily at her reply.

"Humph! You are ashamed of your brother because he happens to be down in the world just now."

"Your simply being 'down in the world,' as you express it, Wilhelm, would not make me 'ashamed' of you; but if you have gambled away all your money, as well as mine, as you have led me to infer, I certainly cannot depend upon you for future support; while, if you are leading a life of dissipation, as your appearance indicates, I think it will be better for us not to meet," Violet answered, somewhat coldly.

"You — saucy minx," he began, fiercely, "you shall tell me where you live," and he laid a heavy hand upon her shoulder.

"I shall not tell you anything more about myself, and you can release me at once, or I appeal to that policeman yonder," Violet said, calmly and resolutely.

She glanced at an officer who was pacing back and forth down by the corner of the street, as she spoke.

Dodo less Wilhelm Mencke knew that she would be as good as her word, for his hand dropped by his side, though an angry oath escaped him at her obstinacy, while he affirmed that "he would yet ferret her out."

Then he moderated his tone all at once, and asked, in a sort of shamefaced, appealing way:

"Do you happen to have a little money that you can spare me, Violet? I am dusedly hard up this morning."

A curl of scorn wreathed the girls beautiful lips at this unmanly request, but she quietly drew forth her purse, and taking a five-dollar bill from it, passed it to him.

His eyes gleamed greedily as he grasped it and shoved it into the depths of a pocket.

Then he turned and began to shuffle off, remarking that "he was sick and guessed he would go and get a glass of beer."

He stopped after he had gone a few steps, however, and looking over his shoulder, remarked, with a malicious leer:

"You may imagine that you are cute enough to outwit me, my pretty little sister, but I am going to hunt you out yet, and then I'll pay you a social call."

Violet was filled with dismay at this threat, for she could conceive of nothing more mortifying and embarrassing than that Wilhelm Mencke, with his bloated and disfigured face, his soiled and untidy apparel, should present himself at the aristocratic residence of Mr. Lawrence on Fifth avenue and claim relationship with her.

She quickly retraced her steps to Broadway, bitterly regretting that she had left that street at all, and then she walked swiftly on up town until she was sure that Wilhelm Mencke could then see her, when she took a car and went home, resolving that she would be very careful hereafter about being found in that portion of the city alone.

Wilhelm Mencke, after the last tempestuous interview with his wife in London, suddenly made up his mind that it would be as good a time as any to shirk all future obligations of a domestic nature, and accordingly he took "French leave," proceeding directly to Glasgow, where he secured a cheap passage in a steamer bound for the United States.

Arriving in New York, he reasoned that he could lose himself there more successfully than anywhere else, and, so secreting himself in one of the poorer portions of the city, he devoted the most of his days to sleep and beer-drinking and his nights to gambling, the passion for which had become insatiable.

Sometimes he won, at others he lost; at any rate, he led a miserable existence, sinking lower and lower in the mire of indolence and dissipation, losing his self-respect—what little he originally possessed—and becoming a voluntary outcast from all respectable society.

Violet was exceedingly disturbed by her meeting with him, and for a long time afterward she could not be persuaded to go out, even to ride, so afraid was she of another encounter with him.

Her excuse to Mr. Lawrence whenever he invited her to accompany Bertha and Bertha anywhere, was that a dressmaker and necessary spring sewing claimed her time and presence; therefore, that gentleman and his daughter were obliged to drive by themselves during the next few weeks.

She continued to devote herself assiduously to her duties in the schoolroom, so that the master of the house seldom saw her now, excepting at dinner time, and this caused him no little uneasiness and chagrin, because he had been gradually growing to realize, of late, that her companionship had become necessary to his happiness.

One evening he was sitting alone in his library, and he fell to musing upon his uncomfortable state of affairs.

"I suppose it is because of her extreme conscientiousness," he told himself. "She thinks because she is hired for certain duties she must not be tempted from them for her own personal enjoyment. But, Heaven! she is a charming little body, a perfect sunbeam in the house—why shouldn't I keep her here always? I am a middle aged man I know, but my heart is young and I love young company. I wonder if it would be right to ask her to share the home with me. She seems to be alone in the world, she receives no letters—no friends come to visit her and I have never heard her speak of a relative. It almost seems as if there must be some mystery connected with her history; but she is good and true, I am sure, for her daily life is beyond reproach. Her tastes are daintily refined, her education excellent, her manners charming and in person she is certainly very beautiful; she would make a most delightful mistress for such a home as this and why shouldn't I marry her if I can win her? True I am old enough to be her father, but older men than I have married even younger ladies than Violet. I could give her every luxury and shield her from every ill, while, should she outlive me, as she probably will, she would have a handsome fortune at her disposal."

The wealthy banker sat long considering the wisdom of offering his hand to the young governess. Evidently Violet had no prior attachment he thought; she seemed happy and contented in his home and appeared to love Bertha most tenderly, while, on the other hand, the child was devotedly attached to her.

Before he had retired to rest, he had resolved to do his utmost to induce Violet to become his wife.

"I will not interfere with her duties now," he mused, "for she thinks there have already been too many interruptions to the lessons; but we shall soon go away from the city for the summer—which I will try to make one long delightful holiday for her and Bertha—and when she resumes her place in this household, I hope it will be upon an entirely different footing."

A little later he broached the subject of going away for the summer to his residence up the Hudson, and the bright look which illuminated Violet's face, at the thought of going into the country, assured him that he could not have proposed a greater pleasure for her.

But her eyes suddenly lost their gladness, for it occurred to her that possibly Mr. Lawrence had not thought of including her in his plans for the season and she had no idea what she should do, or where to go if she should be left behind.

But his next words reassured her upon that point, and set her heart beating with hope and delight.

"Are you fond of the country, Miss Huntington?" he asked, wondering with some misgiving, what had made her grow so grave all at once.

"Yes, indeed; in the summer there is nothing more delightful than the country," she answered, eagerly.

"I am glad to hear you say that, for I have been wondering if we could persuade you to go with us when we leave town," the wily banker returned, making it appear that she would be doing them a favor by going with them. Would you prefer a summer on the Hudson or a sojourn by the sea, or have also a villa upon Long Island," he pursued, watching the play of her features to see if she really had any choice in the matter.

Violet dearly loved the sea as we already know; but she liked the Highlands also, and she hesitated a moment before replying.

"I am sure I should be very happy in either place," she at length said with a smile, "and I should rather not express a preference; that ought to be as you and Miss Bertha desire, I think."

He smiled at her modesty, then after considering the point remarked:

"We will go to the Highlands on the Hudson for the remainder of this month and next; then we will spend August and September by the sea. How will that suit, Miss Bertha?" But his eyes were fixed on Violet's glowing face as he put the question.

"That will be very nice, papa," the child replied, delightedly, "and I know we shall have a much pleasanter time this summer than we did last, if Miss Huntington is to go with us, for nothing ever gets out of fix or goes wrong where she is."

Mr. Lawrence gave vent to a low, appreciative laugh at this remark, and thought that Bertha certainly had the right of it.

"Thank you, dear," said Violet, flushing, while she laid her hand caressingly upon the child's shoulder. "I could hardly feel that I was complimented with such a tribute as that, and I am sure I am charmed with the plan for the summer. I had hardly given a thought to what was going to become of me during vacation time; I did not realize it was so near."

"I don't think we could get along without you," Bertha returned, affectionately; "do you, papa?"

Mr. Lawrence flushed at this.

"I think it will be very pleasant for us all to have Miss Huntington with us," he said, quietly.

A week later they were all settled in their beautiful home on the Hudson, and Violet felt more content and at ease than at any time since her disagreeable encounter with Wilhelm Mencke.

She had lived in constant fear that he would find out where she resided and make himself obnoxious, both to her and to Mr. Lawrence; but now she was sure that he would never think of looking for her in any place so far away from the city, and she gave herself up with all her heart to the enjoyment of her holiday.

Mr. Lawrence insisted that there should be no lessons during the vacation season.

Violet breathed blank at this injunction, and told him that she feared she should not be doing her duty to spend the summer in idleness.

"Just give up the time to getting strong and vigorous for work when you return," Mr. Lawrence said, pleasantly. "I will provide you with all the amusement I can devise for myself for yourself and Bertha, and you may give me all the music that you will; but there shall be no regular routine, no set duties. Make yourself and Bertha happy, and I shall be more than satisfied."

"I imagine there are very few governesses who fare like this," Violet mused, when thinking over her patron's kindness afterward. "I am sure Mr. Lawrence must be a man in a thousand, and I believe I am beginning to be very fond of him. If Wilhelm had only been like him how happy I might have been in my own home—all the sad experiences of last year would never have come upon me," she concluded, with a heavy sigh.

Mr. Lawrence not only gave Violet and her charge permission to be happy, but he entered himself in every possible way to contribute toward this result.

He planned long, delightful rides during the early morning, after which they would sit in the cool shade of one of the mammoth trees on the lawn, at either Mr. Lawrence or Violet read aloud from some entertaining book. After lunch, or during the warmest portion of the day, they rested; then in the cool of the evening they would ride again, either in the carriage or on horseback—for Mr. Lawrence owned some fine saddle-horses—or take a delightful sail upon the river.

Violet had never been so happy since her early childhood; life was like a beautiful poem—a dream of delight.

There was only one drawback to it all; the shadow of death—the supposed untimely death of her young husband—still hung over her, rendering many hours and causing many bitter tears.

"Oh, if Wallace were only here to share all this with me! How can I bear all the long, lonely years before me?" was the sad lament which too often escaped her lips.

But, though her grief was strong and deep seated, she kept it to herself. She never mentioned that she had any secret trouble, nor referred in any way to her past.

Then the summer months glided by, and Violet was more than content to feel that she was doing good, in helping to form a lovely and noble character in the motherless and afflicted child who had been committed to her care; this thought was like a silver fringe to the cloud which shadowed her own life.

Every day, too, spent in Mr. Lawrence's society, revealed more and more that was grand and chivalrous in his nature, and she grew to look up to and regard him much as an elder daughter might regard a fond, kind father, never once suspecting that he was cherishing a warmer sentiment for her, and planning to offer her the first place in his heart and his home.

The first week in August they removed to the villa on Long Island, and here eight weeks more were spent in an equally delightful manner.

They all loved the sea and much of their time was passed upon his yacht or sail-boat, or strolling along the beach upon its margin.

At one time they made a three weeks' excursion in a yacht, with some of Mr. Lawrence's friends, who occupied a villa near their own; thus Violet made some acquaintances; and during these two months she saw more of society than she had since her flight from Menton.

Mr. Lawrence accepted several invitations to dinners and receptions, and also entertained a number of times, for, as it happened, a great many people whom he knew had come to spend the summer in that vicinity.

Violet and Bertha were always present upon these occasions, Violet doing the honors, like an elder daughter, with charming grace and ease, thus betraying that she had always been accustomed to moving in cultivated circles.

The eyes of some of Mr. Lawrence's friends began to be opened after two or three of these receptions, for the marked attention which that gentleman bestowed upon his beautiful governess could not fail to excite comment.

"She may hold the post of governess in his family for the present, but if she does not occupy the position of mistress before the year is out, I am no judge of the signs of the times," one gentleman remarked to another, after spending a delightful evening at the villa, where Violet had charmed them with her music and rare conversational powers.

"She is certainly a beautiful and accomplished woman," was the thoughtful reply, "but it does not seem right to me, that one so young should marry a man so many years her senior."

"Well, it is not exactly according to nature," returned the first speaker, "and yet there is something to be said for, as well as against, such a union. If I had a lovely daughter, like Miss Huntington, I would much prefer she would marry a man of Horace Lawrence's stamp, for he is an honorable and cultivated gentleman, than any of the majority of brainless, idle fellows who frequent society nowadays. He would love her better, shield her more tenderly, and make her happier."

"You may be right—but I hope she will not marry him all the same," was the grave response. Then he added with a sudden brightening up of his face, "I know just the young man whom a girl like that ought to marry—who would make just the kind of a husband she ought to win."

"I shall began to think that you are turning match maker, my friend," laughed the first speaker, "or match-spoiler. I'm afraid my friend Lawrence might say. Who is this young paragon of the nineteenth century?"

"My partner."

"What, young Richardson!"

"Yes; they would make an ideal couple according to my way of thinking," answered Mr. Harlow, for strange as it may seem, Wallace's partner was spending a few weeks in that vicinity, and a mutual friend had introduced him to Mr. Lawrence, and thus he met Violet.

"It is not often that two ideals marry each other," replied his friend, smiling. "The way the world goes in the majority of instances, some miserable stick gets one of the nicest little wives in the world, and *vice versa*. Perhaps, however, there is a wise economy in the arrangement; but matrimony, worked out on that line, is a problem to puzzle a better brain than mine. Still, as you say, Richardson is an ideal fellow—one in a thousand; only he seems older than his years; he has had some trouble, hasn't he?"

"Yes; but I don't know the nature of it, exactly; he is very reticent; and of course, I would not attempt to force his confidence. I wish though he had a nice wife; I would really like to introduce him to this charming Miss Huntington," Mr. Harlow remarked, with an earnestness that made his friend smile again at his taste for match-making.

How strange that the lives of Wallace and Violet should have thus flowed so near each other without touching; but so it often is in this world of cross purposes and mysteries.

*(To be Continued.)*

### High Play Amongst Women.

There was a lady at Baden-Baden whose luck at the gaming tables was extraordinary and attracted general comment. She explained the secret of her success one day to a friend by telling her that she invariably followed the lead of some person who seemed to be playing in good luck. When doubtful she adopts a thing for their own wives and families, you may be pretty sure it is a good one. This is the case with the undervest just introduced for ladies and children, and registered under the name of the Health Brand. Every vest of this make is stamped plainly with the word "Health." Ask your doctor what they are. He will know, and will propably tell you that his own people wear them. They are for sale by W. A. Murray & Co.

Mr. Doodle (the caricaturist)—Ha, ha! I have it; I'll draw a man with an axe cutting up a boarding-house pie.—*Life.*

His Pet Puss.

Yes, a most remarkable cat. We've now had it ten years, and of course it's too old to catch rats or mice; but what do you think it did? Our boy brought home a sign marked "admittance free" from somewhere and the other night we caught the cat with that sign trying to fix it on the rat-trap so as to drum up business and catch custom.—*Philadelphia Times.*

### The Preferred Medicine.

"Mamma, you haven't given me any dimes and nickels," complained Jimmy Shattuck, after the physician had gone.

"What do you mean, Jimmy?" asked Mrs. Shattuck in surprise.

"Why, the doctor said I needed a little change."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

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### To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" Saturday Night Office.)

E. Topsy.—See Myrtle.

A Wife.—I cannot advise you in these columns.

Nyta.—Generous, self-assertive, cheerful and resolute.

Dubious.—Writing shows merriment, energy, impetuosity, self-will and kindliness.

Aunt Kate.—I see no material difference between your writing and that of Des Ibis.

Jessie W.—Your writing indicates earnestness of purpose, caution, courage and self-will.

Haidee.—Decision, prudence, reserve, order and courage are noticeable in your writing.

Dora.—Order, cheerfulness, activity, impulse and sincerity are shown by this specimen.

Bella Borrel.—Generosity, indecision, self esteem and carelessness are shown in your writing.

Myrtle.—You are probably sensitive, industrious, decisive, rather inclined to be selfish, but sincere.

Magnet.—Carelessness, a disposition to assert your own self and opinions, some industry and selfishness.

Faustina.—Writing exhibits order, selfishness, tireless activity, some self-esteem and some tenderness.

Cherry Valley.—Your writing displays a lack of order and resolution. You are genial, cheerful and practical.

Sancho Panza.—Steady ambition, generosity, sincerity, mirth, self-esteem and order are exhibited by your writing.

Alexandria.—Writing testifies that you are ambitious, a little careless, somewhat vivacious and strongly self-reliant.

C. N. W.—You are probably decisive, rather generous, affable, ostentatious, not particularly sensitive and decidedly orderly.

Bloomfield.—You are witty, erratic, rather tender-hearted, sensitive, yet self assertive. Should advise the misdemeanor by all means.

Harry.—Writing indicates a rather indolent temperament, a retiring disposition, some perseverance, considerable sympathy and a nice sense of justice.

Bertha C.—You are, evidently, of an impulsive temperament and fond of luxury and approbation. You are rather conscientious but not self-confident, and inclined to be dependent.

Nessa.—The photograph is that of a warm hearted, energetic girl. Her writing shows considerable self-confidence, the mouth vivacity in conversation and much cheerfulness. Would think you were rather cautious but fickle—oh, yes.

McGinkey.—How-do, Mr. McG.! Does your township adjoin that of the man who was "down" last winter? The writing certainly evinces a great deal of self-esteem and generosity. You are cordial, rather sensitive, somewhat reserved and cheerful.

Blue Bell.—Your writing shows a little vanity, good nature, sincerity and irresolution. 2. If I were you I would endeavor to clean the glass and wait. The operation is so often an unsatisfactory one, and the charge for ordinary lengths at the cleaners is only a matter of ten cents.

Heart in Trouble.—Misunderstanding is my previous answer. You asked me for a criticism, and I gave it with no object save that of helping you. I am glad to have been of any assistance to you and will be quite ready to answer any questions which I may be able to in the time to come.

Pen-Tery, Grimsby.—The eyes show tenderness and honesty, the nose practical judgment, the mouth kindliness and impulse, the chin a self-will amounting almost to obstinacy. There are indications of love for music with ambition, but a lack of perseverance. Have returned photo.

Sarnia.—The mouth indicates an impulsive temperament, the chin general comment. She expressed herself thoughtful and a little insincere. The eyebrows show tenderness and amiability, the nose a want of tact. The brow is hidden by a thick bang and can show nothing whatever.

Inverness—1. It is quite good now. 2. Make a wash of borax for it, and brush with great care. Hair with a disposition to be oily may require some care to keep it pleasant to the touch, but it makes up wonderfully for that by its beautiful gloss when braided. I am glad to hear from you, and I trust you will write me again if you think I can assist you.

Flot.—I am rather unwilling to begin answering questions regarding horoscopy in this column. 2. Your writing indicates a generous, some selfishness and self-esteem, a hasty temper, but much cheerfulness in the face of trouble. 3. The salary would depend altogether upon the business house. It would be small but sufficient for modest needs. Watch the "Want" column in the dailies.

Pro—No, I would not advise you to put the name in quotations. There is seldom much danger of a confusion. And the name of a residence looks much better without the quotation marks. The writing indicates a generous, hopeful nature, with good judgment, courage, been some self-esteem, considerable self-esteem. Your letter was a very pleasant one, and I am glad indeed to be able to assist you in the least.

Calem Street.—It is likely that you mean Thomas Chatterton, a boy poet who lived in the early part of the eighteenth century. Some of his poems are very delightful. 2. Yes, Massinger was set as High School literature, some years ago, but the authorities afterwards substituted other matter in its place. 3. Writing shows power of concentration, considerable self-esteem and some selfishness and self esteem and a wonderful amount of practical common sense.

25, 9.90.—It would be unsafe for me to recommend any preparation for darkening the hair. Of course the natural color will be lost forever for a time, and I think your best plan would be to see a reliable hairdresser and let him treat it for you. 2. If you want the gown really stylish you cannot do better than cover it with black net or lace. The combination of black and the yellow tones is a favorite one, which will be much favor during this winter. Your writing shows self-will, resolution, self reliance, tendency to jealousy and fondness of approbation

Stan.—Dear me, what a question you ask. Do you suppose that I want to get myself tangled up as a witness in a breach of promise case? If I say you are not suited—that your writing shows a little selfishness and the heavy down-strokes of your "u's" come into authority, what will you do about it? Well, no, no! I shall be careful. Your writing indicates a dislike for ostentation, strong will, some self-esteem, generosity and a disposition to be despondent. The combined emotions are practical nature, resolution, caution, vivacity and a great deal of desirable tenderness.

Jim.—Jim sends me four lines scrawled on a sheet of paper, with a very bad heading, and asks me to delineate the prominent characteristics of the writing. The salient one is I sions, Jim. I regret to insert it so positively but the truth must out. Then comes indication to an extent which makes all efforts for good and better, spasmodic ones at best. Contrary to the old-fashioned opinion that women have no conscience I see some dashes of it here, and, though it might be a healthier, it certainly will wage a good warfare with the leaning towards *dolce far niente* of life.

Theatrofila.—You have certainly arrived at a time of life which is delightful. I differ from those who consider the school days the happiest ones. They should be in some people as you say, I am afraid I scarcely understand you. If you mean the ignorance of an acquaintance I cannot agree with you. There are, of course, people to whom you are introduced whom you do not wish to know, but "cutting" ones acquaintances is in extremely bad taste. 3. Your writing shows intuitive perception, a thoughtfulness which has induced rather too serious a temperament with some firmness and ambition. You are doubtless sensitive and affectionate. 4. I shall be pleased to hear from you at any time, and will aid you in any way that I can.

Bella G., Woodstock.—You are far from right in supposing that geraniums will not grow from seed. I have often raised them from seed about a large plant, in the late summer, in ugh of course you cannot depend upon its color. They generally prove quite as hardy as the plants grown from slips. Slips should be in water now, if you desire them for early flowering. I would recommend gradiolus, tulips, crocus and the Japanese sacred lily. Lily of the valley are also very pretty, but they do not always repay the care and trouble as the other bulbs do. I am afraid that your calla lily has been badly treated. It should be allowed to dry out in July, and when the earth is dry, the bulb may be taken up and the roots remaine above the soil, you may be sure it is resting well. Then in September repot it, in rich black loam with some sand, water it freely and keep rather warm. If this treatment does not induce it to give you beautiful flowers in rapid succession, it will be strange indeed.

### The Worst of All.

"I am so troubled about my husband," said Mrs. Badman, seeking sympathy from the pastor's wife, "I don't know what bad to worse, he is an infidel and an atheist and now he says he is an agnostic and doesn't know anything and doesn't believe anything and doesn't think anything."

"My dear sister," replied the pastor's wife, "you don't know what trouble is. My husband thinks he knows how to cook."

### A Clever Milliner.

A Paris milliner has made a ten-strike by teaching her parrot to say every time a fair client enters, "Oh, ain't you just lovely!"

### Tested Tempers.

"So Jack is married, eh? Do you think he'll get along well with his wife?"

"I'm quite sure he will. They sang in the same choir for two years without quarrelling."

### Painful.

"Lingering with Burns," is the heading of a newspaper letter from Scotland. I would rather be scalded to death at oats than linger with some burns.—*Texas Siftings.*

SURPRISE
SURPRISE EVERY WOMAN Can save half the hard wearing-out toil of washing day and be fresh and strong. Can have clothes sweet, snowy-white, never yellow. Cannot scorch shrink, cotton rot, nor hands chap, but soft and white. Use the "Surprise" way. No boiling or scalding. Remarkable! Try it! READ THE SURPRISE ON THE WRAPPER.
St. Croix Soap Mf'g. Co. St. Stephen, N. B. SOAP
Send us 25 SURPRISE wrappers and get one of our beautiful engravings.

SAVOY HOTEL
Victoria Embankment
LONDON
"The Hotel de Luxe of the World."
MAGNIFICENT RIVER VIEW
LUXURIOUS SUITES WITH
BATH ROOMS
*SHADED ELECTRIC LIGHT EVERYWHERE. NO GAS.*
SAVOY RESTAURANT
With Large Terrace. The Finest and Only Open Air Restaurant in London, Overlooking the Embankment and Gardens.
THE CUISINE RIVALS THE MOST FAMOUS CONTINENTAL AND AMERICAN RESTAURANTS.
Chef de Cuisine, M. Escoffier.
Acting Manager, M. Echenard.
General Manager M. Ritz.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
Carter Medicine Co., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The ALE and STOUT of John Labatt, London, is undoubtedly the BEST.
TRY IT
JAMES GOOD & CO.
Sole Agents, Toronto

The Wonder of The Age
ECLIPSE DYES
A New Improved Dye for Home Dyeing
Nothing but Water required in using
10c a package. For sale everywhere. If your druggist cannot supply them, send direct to the manufacturers.
J. S. ROBERTSON & CO., MONTREAL.

HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS are the result of persistent study and experimenting by an expert chemist, tested in the most searching manner, and found to be the highest medical authority, introduced and prescribed for many years by thousands. Thousands now living owe their lives, and more need suffer from Headaches while they will use these powders.
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE.

Jewell & Kinnear
COLBORNE STREET
The merchants and professional gentlemen of Toronto prefer to lunch at the Colborne Street restaurant, where everything is under Mr. Fred Jewell's personal supervision, to going where they would not find the same individual attention. Cuisine first-class.
JEWELL & KINNEAR

# BLIND FATE.

## BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

*Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.*

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### CHAPTER VI.

COLONEL CALLANDER'S LETTER.

With all his diligence Standish found, when he reached his rooms that afternoon, he had so little time left that it would be almost an impossibility to catch the 5.30 train to Eastport. He was, however, ready to make the attempt, when, among the notes and letters which had come since he started that morning, was an unusually thick envelope, directed in Callander's handwriting.

This changed his plans. It would be foolish to start before reading what Callender had to say, and doing so would compel him to lose the train.

He opened the letter, glanced at it, and ringing for the man who waited on him, hastily directed that no visitor should be admitted. Then, drawing his chair near the window, he began, with interest which deepened at every word, to read the long epistle addressed to him.

"I have been going to write to you, Standish, ever since Dorothy proved to me how greatly I have wronged you in my mind. I have begun once or twice, but, somehow, my brain would not keep clear or steady, there is such a cloud troubling and confusing me; but last night, as I lay awake, battling with my thoughts as usual, something seemed to break away in heart or head, and light came to me.

"I don't think I am mad, but I am not what I used to be, and there is a strange spirit—not my own—urging me at times, with a force I cannot resist, to do many things. Ever since Dorothy showed me the truth I have wanted to tell you everything, for you loved her, not as I thought, but as a true elder brother and you will understand me—perhaps you will help me.

"When she left me in India it was a rueful day. Then I was ill; after, I recovered. Her letters were not the same; they were cool and constrained. How mad I grew, with an agonized longing to see her again, to hold her in my arms! My mother wrote often. She did not like you; I do not know why, but she did not. She was always repeating how my darling and Dorothy preferred being with you to anyone else, even to Egerton, who was superior. It was a long time before she roused the devil within me, but she did at last. Then I came home. The voyage was a long delirium between the heaven of anticipated reunion and the hell of doubt. I used to be so secure of her, of myself, of everything. Now, sleeping or waking, I was always struggling on the verge of precipices over which it was destruction to fall.

"When she met me in London, she was so sweet and kind that I thought all was well, that she was the same beloved Mabel I had left, that I was all to her I had been. Whatever my joy at meeting was too fierce, too intense, I cannot tell; but in a few—a very few—days, I thought I felt a change; a faint, gentle chill, like the first breath of the night-wind; but I put the idea from me. I fought with it for days and weeks; sometimes I had gleams of happiness and security; then it would return. Then my mother would suggest hellish doubts; I do not suppose she thought I would brood over them as I did, but—God forgive her! All this time I saw that Egerton was seeking Dorothy for his wife. So far as anything could interest or please me, I was pleased. At last I proposed to Mabel, who seemed to me pale and ill at ease, that we should take a journey together somewhere away from Dorothy, from the children, from everyone. I made her acceptance or rejection of this scheme the test of her feeling for me. I quivered with terror as I suggested it. Well, she accepted. During that drive to Rookstone, which was the last gleam of Heaven on my path, and for a while I had a little peace—not for long—she grew pale, and cold and nervous. I went to London; there she wrote to me in a curious, constrained tone. She said she was not strong enough to bear such a journey as I proposed! That decided me to kill her and you. I thought it, mind, not with fury, but with a calm, judicial sense of executing a judgment. The only mode by which I could keep myself in hand was by preserving silence. Wife, children, friends, fair fortune, every good, had become cruelest evil, torturing me with poisoned darts. I used to sit silent and deadly in your midst, holding back the madman's rage to kill—as best I might!

"At last, one evening, just before you left us, I came into the drawing-room, and found Dorothy putting flowers in a basket. The tea-table was set. I asked her where Mabel was. She said, 'out driving with your mother.' And where is Standish?' 'He will be here, soon, Mabel expects him.' I stood with my arm on the mantel-piece, gazing into the glass, yet seeing nothing, and thinking—thinking. Suddenly I saw the reflection of Mabel, coming through the open window. She must have come from the dining-room into the verandah, and so in by the window nearest me. She did not seem to see there was anyone in the room, but went to the round table, which was always covered with books—you know the oval mirror that leant forward over it? Well, I saw her slip a folded paper into a book—the low-most of a small pile—a green one with gold edges lay on the top. I kept my eyes on it, but as her back was to me, I sat down noiselessly in a chair. Presently she turned and perceived me. Then she uttered a little cry, came across the room to me, and kissed me more tenderly than she had done for many a day. Then I knew I could kill her! I pressed my finger and thumb round her soft, white throat—such little knew how near death was to her for a moment! She said, 'you hurt me, dear,' smiling in my face. I let her go, though I thought my heart would burst. Soon you came in, and Egerton, and Henrietta; while you spoke together, I went to the table, and took away the book. She was at the tea-table and never noticed. I hid the book, and afterwards found in it a folded sheet of paper, on which, in her writing, were these words: 'I cannot resist your influence; I shall always too strong! For God's sake do not urge me to leave all for you—you ought to have mercy on such weakness!' I fear him more every day—for he suspects, I know he does—and that idea overwhelms me. Go! keep far away! What-ever happens my heart will bleed! I do not seech you to go! There was neither address nor signature; but the expression 'your influence, it was always too strong,' pointed to you—it seemed confirmation strong as Holy Writ. I have destroyed the paper lest blame should ever touch her."

Here the unfortunate man had evidently stopped, and resumed after a pause of some hours, perhaps days.

"It is a long, weary tale; it seems to me that I am writing of another, and I pity him profoundly, as I should never pity myself. My hatred of you grew deep and cunning; there was no base, cowardly act I would not have done, could I have tortured you without bringing disgrace on my own name. But all through my curious, agonizing mental struggle, I remembered that my name belonged to my children! You went away the day after or the day but one.

"That seemed in obedience to her request. My mother said it was an immense relief to her mind that you were safe out of the way. I silenced her fiercely; but even above my burning desire for revenge on you, was my resolution to save my darling from her cruel comments, her bitter judgment. Brooding over this, haunted by a hideous vision of being compelled for my honor's sake to put away my wife, to drag her through the mire and filth of legal proceedings, of the opprobrium of society, of moral annihilation, something whispered to me. 'Have the courage to save her from all this—let the icy hand of Death send her unsullied to a better world. Where shall the All-seeing see can judge her.' The idea would not, did not, leave me. It had an extraordinary fascination for me; even now, though I know my suspicions were wrong, I believe I did my best for her under the circumstances.

"'It was not murder, no—it was the act of the tenderest love. I wanted no revenge on her—I only wanted to save her from shame and the bitterest grief. As a Christian, I believe in the happiness of the hereafter, and her sin was but slight now, only a womanish weakness which laid her at the mercy of a stronger will—a will backed by the force of her habitual obedience to it. If I hesitated, she might, almost surely would—break the social laws we are bound to uphold, and become an outcast. Had she not in her veins the blood of a mother who had outraged them! So I resolved to send my beautiful Mabel to Heaven, even while I affronted Hell for her sake. My logic is sound, Standish, is it not? She would have gone hence blameless! From me an inexorable judge would have demanded the price of blood, and for her sake I am content to pay it!'"

Here came some discontented, passionate sentences about the freedom of choice, the happiness of Heaven, the injustice of Fate, the boundless love of God, the possibility of the Persian belief in the final purification of the guiltiest by fire proving to be true, and Callander resumed his narrative more calmly.

"The idea fascinated me, I had, from the fear of doing my dearest one harm in some ungovernable fit of despair, remained in my own room on the plea of indifferent health, and there I thought out my plan. One night, just after you had gone, I had put on my smoking jacket, and sat down to think, but I could not smoke, my mind was a sort of fiery mist, all the past unrolled itself, the happy hours, the sweetness and purity of my darling; should I allow shame to touch her? A voice said to me, 'The hour has come; let it not pass.' I rose up, and took a long, keen knife, which Egerton had given me as a curiosity. It was fine and sharp. I went softly but boldly to her room. I did not fear to meet anyone; I was not overstepping my right. Her door opened without noise; she was not asleep; she said drowsily, 'Is it you, Herbert?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I cannot sleep. I think the sleeping medicine is here.'

"'It is perhaps on the mantelpiece.' I went to look, and stood there long, listening, till her calm, regular breathing told me she slept; then I took the candle and stole behind her. Her head had fallen forward, her pretty hair was gathered into a thick knot, and I saw the place where old Dowdy, our surgeon, once told me (myself and one or two of 'ours') where a thrust might cause instantaneous death. With a silent prayer that I might not fail, or cause her a moment's pain, I struck deep and true with a steady hand. There was a slight sigh; the fair head fell a little further forward, and she was free—quite free; now she knows my motives she forgives me! I turned to go round, and looked into her angel face, when I trod on the sheath, which had fallen on the carpet, and knocked against the bed. This shocked me more than I can tell you, for there was something terribly, sublimely sacred in that silent, motionless figure. To stir it rudely seemed sacrilege. I know not why, but I could not stay after that. I wiped the knife with my handkerchief. There was very little blood upon it. I wiped what I could from the roots of her beautiful golden hair. Then I left her lying there. I was not quite so steady when I closed the door behind me as when I opened it; for when I reached my room I found I had left behind the handkerchief. I went back and found it against the door.

"I felt a sort of relief as I sat down and thought of what I had done. She was safe. I had taken her sweet life, but I had kept her from evil tongues, from a terrible fate, and embalmed her in the loving memory of those who could never reproach her. But now came the reflection that were I suspected the truth would ooze out, and the judgment upon her would be more unmerciful than ever. I had acted on impulse. Now it was my bounden duty to conceal my crime (as it would have been called), for her sake first, for my children's, for the completion of my revenge on you. There was no time to lose. I lit the fire, which was always laid ready in my room. Then I put in the handkerchief that it might leave no trace. I hung up the knife in its accustomed place. I went softly to the side door. I often wandered out of a night unknown to anybody, and the hinges were well oiled, then I took the ladder from the shed, and placed it as it usually lay, crossed it, and lifted the bar which secured the shutters inside, letting it fall with what seemed to me a terrible noise, and entered the room again. I went to my darling's side, I kissed my darling, and put back the dressing-table which I had slightly moved. Then I gathered up the watch, the locket, rings, bracelets she lay on the table, and stole away once more to my own room. I rolled up the jewels in three parcels, and locked them away. Then I sat on my dressing-gown, and sat down as if to write—so I waited, waited for the discovery. I think I must have become insensible or slept. I felt awfully exhausted on what I had done came with my tea. I drank it, and still sat wondering what would happen next. Then Mrs. M'Hugh broke in—You know the rest, it seemed but half alive after, and it was amazing how things lent themselves to my rude plan of concealment.

"Now, I have nearly told you everything, Standish. My brain is growing dull and dreamy. I have always wondered why Egerton shrank from her. This dreamy fog has explained why. She has restored my faith in you. When I knew the truth, it made me pitiless. The irreparable evil wrought by my mother infuriated me. I rushed to her and told her that, thanks to her cruel tongue, her son was what she would call a murderer. I wonder it did not kill her! My sufferings have been great, though I have had long spells of torpidity. Since I came down to Fordsea, I have been conscious of an awful reluctance to leave life. Like the unhappy Moor, whose story is so like my own, 'My occupation's o'er—no, not yet! I must settle my account with Writ. I cannot rest till that is finished; does he know this, that he keeps out of the way? Well, I can find him. If he lives as I stopped, and resumed after a pause of some hours, perhaps days.

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"That seemed in obedience to her request. My mother said it was an immense relief to her mind that you were safe out of the way. I silenced her fiercely; but even above my burning desire for revenge on you, was my resolution to save my darling from her cruel comments, her bitter judgment. Brooding over this, haunted by a hideous vision of being compelled for my honor's sake to put away my wife, to drag her through the mire and filth of

hesitate at the sacrifice of friendship, honour, loyalty, or even the happiness of the woman he profoundly loves.

It was brutal, insensate, but Standish had no time to think of Egerton now. Callander's case was a serious one. He must be suspected; the terrible truth must not leak out. For the unfortunate criminal himself Standish felt the most profound pity. He could not look on him as responsible. Disease was gaining fast upon him, but a jury would probably take a very different view of his condition. Come what might, he must be shielded from the consequences of his desperate deed. It must be kept profoundly secret. Dillon must be silenced. No breath of the dreadful truth must reach Dorothy's ears; it was enough to kill her with horror. He (Standish) must get him out of the country. But how? Could he bribe Dowdy, half if not wholly insane man to wander alone, and put the climax to the dreadful story by murdering Egerton, or himself, or both, and so display the whole sad facts to the world, covering the memory of poor, timid Mabel with obloquy?

Nor, if Callander went, as Henrietta Oakeley proposed, with her and Dorothy to make a temporary home abroad, would he ever know a moment's peace! The fatal brain disease from which he believed Callander was suffering was certain to increase, and God only knew what delusion might urge him to attack Dorothy. Standish shuddered and started to his feet as the idea flashed across him. For some minutes he was stunned and incapable of forming any plan. But, by an effort, a strong exertion of self-control, he pulled himself together. He would go to Eastport that night. There was one more train. He could, at least, go and speak with Callander, and see how far he was capable of hearing reason. He had been such a fine, high-minded, unselfish, chivalrous fellow; surely some sparks of the old light must linger in his poor, distracted brain. He might feel the necessity of a friend's sheltering guidance. How could he, even in the profoundest aberration, lay a destroying hand upon his sweet, gentle wife! He had loved himself, and fit to guide her, a few wise, loving words would have put all right between them, and freed her from the unholy spell in which Egerton had entangled her. But looking at the past by the light of the present, Standish felt convinced of what he formerly dimly guessed at; that for some reason Mabel had of late grown to fear her husband.

"I waste time pondering here when I ought to act," he exclaimed, and taking Callander's long confession, he enclosed it in a fresh, strong envelope, sealed it, and writing on it his own name, he added: "to be destroyed in case of my death."

Then, with a heavy heart, he put a change of raiment into his bag, and having snatched a hasty meal, drove to Waterloo station. He was rather too soon for the eight-thirty train to Eastport, so he sat in the corner of the waiting-room, his legs stretched out, his hands deep in his pockets, and his traveling cap over his eyes.

There were few people about, and Standish, wrapped in his own troubled thoughts, was not conscious of his presence. He was, therefore, startled when a tall, well-dressed man suddenly accosted him.

"Hallos, Standish! Where are you bound for?"

"Ah, St. John! I—I didn't know you were in town."

"I have been up for ten days!" returned St. John, "and I am going down to Aldershot to see my sister, Lady Dashwood. Her husband is quartered down there. I'm due at headquarters the day after to-morrow. I was dining with your handsome cousin, Miss Oakeley, and missed my train. Little Miss Vyan, Mrs. Blackett, her son, and old Colonel Conway, made up the party. They said you had gone down to Fordsea to look after poor Callander."

"Missed my train, too," returned Standish, abruptly.

"Both in the same predicament, eh! Your ward, Miss Vyan, is looking as if she had cried her eyes out. 'Pon my soul! it's too bad to see such a pretty creature fretting herself to fiddle-strings."

"Can's wonder at it!" growled Standish.

"When you think of the awful blow she has had. I am glad she appeared; she is inclined to shut herself up."

"That's foolish—ain't it?"

"It's one of those things that can't be reasoned about."

"Have you seen Egerton?" pursued St. John.

"Egerton! No; he is not in England."

"Oh, yes he is. I saw him in a hansom just now, coming across the bridge."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as I am that I see you!"

"I did not know he was coming back so soon!" exclaimed Standish, and fell into deep thought. It would be hard to meet Egerton and refrain from shooting him; he was such an utter scoundrel. Yet he must keep him from encountering Callander. If this happened, some frightful scene would ensue which would expose the whole truth to public gaze. His unexpected return would complicate matters considerably.

"So I suppose they will marry now, and then he'll dry her tears for her," St. John was saying when Standish again listened.

"Who—what?" he asked, rather impatiently.

"Why your ward's. I suppose when the mourning is over he'll marry her—Egerton will, eh? They are engaged?"

"No, they are not. They never were. She never wanted him."

"Do you mean to say she would refuse such an offer? Why, there must be some other fellow in the field. Yourself, eh! Always heard you were a fascinating sort of chap. But the little girl's free, eh? I fancy."

"Good night!" exclaimed Standish, starting up, "I must get my ticket," and he rushed off abruptly.

"What a blatant idiot that St. John is," thought Standish, as he settled himself in a corner of his compartment; "and it's uncommonly lucky that Dorothy had the discrimination to see through Egerton's spurious love-making! Nine girls out of every ten would have been carried away by it! Why preserved my little Dorothy! Profound penetration! No, that's too big a thing. True instinct! more likely. Love for another—most likely of all; but not for me. She is an uncommon little puss—and—I'm not sure I should quite enjoy seeing her fondly in love, and going to be married! Yet it would be hard for me. This dreamy fellow will affect her future—affect it rather disastrously if any trial and 'escalandre' takes place. If Henrietta's suspicions, was in Dorothy's mother—even if she does not—they have only drifted together temporarily! What a womanly little creature Dorothy always has been! Why, I don't think she has given me a kiss since she was twelve years old! Well, she must be taken care of whatever happens!" Then, half ashamed of dwelling so long on Dorothy's possible love affairs when such grave and tragic matters lay before him, Standish turned his thoughts to the problem of Callander's future.

Though feeling that the unfortunate man was scarcely responsible, he was conscious of a distinct repugnance to the idea of meeting and probably touching hands with the murderer of his gentle, lovable ward!

"The mind must have been hopelessly impaired," mused Standish, "before a man like Callander, a chivalrous gentleman, would deliberately strike a woman in her sleep, and that woman his own beautiful wife! What may be not attempt in the future! Yet without displaying the very sunny side of the story, how can I appeal for legal authority to put him under restraint! It's all infernally puzzling. Much will depend on the condition in which I find him. I almost hope he may never quite regain his original mental condition, or remorse for the fatal crime he has committed will be more than he could bear. As to letting Dorothy live with him—that is not to be thought of."

. . . . . .

It was past eleven when Standish reached the well known Pier Hotel at Fordsea.

Colonel Callander, the waiter said, had gone to his room some time before, so Standish would not hear of disturbing him.

"I can see him to-morrow morning," he said. "At what hour does Colonel Callander breakfast?"

"Nine sharp, sir. He goes out to boat or bathe very early, and comes in about eight-thirty—to-night he ordered fish and kidneys for breakfast, as he seemed to expect you might come, sir."

"Oh, very well! Give me some brandy and soda and I will go to bed too.

This apparent hope of seeing himself seemed a good sign to Standish. If Callander was only capable of taking a rational view of his own position he would simplify matters; but Standish dreaded the final stages of that most terrible disease—softening of the brain—which reduces the most gifted to the level of the beasts that perish.

It was some time before Standish could sleep—when he did he slept heavily.

The emotions of the day had fatigued as much as physical exertion would have done.

When he woke the sun was high in the heavens and sparkling brightly on the rippling waters of the bay. All things seemed smiling with the infantile joyousness which the sea in its gently playful moods often expresses.

It struck Standish as indicative of rare sadness. He shrank from the approaching interview with profound repugnance and a depressing sense of not being equal to the task he had undertaken.

When dressed and ready—it was nearly half-past eight—and taking his hat he walked off, thinking it might be less oppressive to meet Callander first in the open air.

As he strolled slowly towards the hut where Old Dowdy, our surgeon, sheltered himself among his boats drawn up beside it—every step recalled the happy hours he had spent on the beach with Dorothy and Mabel in the previous autumn; chiefly with Dorothy, for, as he reviewed that happy holiday time, he remembered how often the partie carree broke into a side-table division—that Egerton had left Mabel till Callander arrived, while Dorothy and himself found so much to occupy and interest them that they never missed the others.

And what an ending to such fair, tranquil, seemingly innocent days! To what a tragic conclusion they were blindly drifting!

Standish found Old Dowdy at the stern of one of his boats, smoking a very black pipe, and looking out so earnestly towards the east Standish and that he did not hear the approaching step.

"Good morning, Jack."

"Eh! Mr. Standish! 'Mornin' sir—haven't seen you down there this many a day, sir."

"No, I've been too busy to take a holiday."

"Not much of a holiday for you to come down here, sir," said the rugged old salt with feeling.

"That's true." There was a pause—then Standish asked, "Has the Colonel gone out to bathe to-day?"

"Yes, sir. He goes a fishing or bathing every morning when his duty is done. Sometimes I go with him; but bless your 'art, sir, he never catches nothing! Forgets he's holding the lines most of the time! He ough to be coaxing in about now." Dowdy lifted his head close to his eye. "I see no sign of him yet. When he gets the oars in his hands he rows sharp enough. I'll sit down a bit, sir—he'll not be long—he went away row'st the Head, where the ladies used to like to row, in the mornings—last autumn! Ah, well! the ways of Providence are past our knowledge!"

With a sigh, and a wise shake of the head, Old Jack resumed his pipe.

*(To be Continued.)*

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### Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Society circles during the past week have been very quiet, with the exception of a few teas, but the rest of this month will be rather gay.

Mrs. George Bristol gave a tea on Friday for her sister-in-law, Mrs. James White.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar and family leave for England next week and will be absent during the winter. Miss Scott of England will accompany them, also Miss Ball, who intends visiting her brother, Dr. Bull in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie have just arrived from England, where they have been spending the summer months with Miss Tina Hendrie, who will return from England next year. They have had a most enjoyable time, both in Scotland and England.

Rev. Henry Walters of New Orleans was in town last week and occupied the pulpits of Christ Church Cathedral and the Church of Ascension.

Mrs. and Miss M. Crawford leave for Scotland shortly, to spend the winter there.

Dr. Gerald O'Reilly was in town last week for a few days and visited the Fair with his many friends here.

Lady Smith, widow of the late Sir Albert Smith, is at the Royal, and has received many of her friends during her short stay.

Senator Sanford and Miss Etna Sanford left for Europe, *viâ* New York, this week. Miss Sanford goes to complete her studies.

Mr. Donald MacInnes left town for England last week on his annual trip, and expects to be gone some months.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen left for Ottawa this week, and will soon set out on their journey to British Columbia.

Mr. S. Baldwin of Toronto is spending a few days in town.

Mr. David Walker was in town last week and visited the exhibition.

Mrs. and Miss Lottridge, Miss Grant, and Mr. Armour arrived home this week from abroad. They have visited England, France, Germany and Switzerland, having had a most enjoyable trip.

Mr. Charles Bruce is in town from Chatham, N. B., on a short visit to his parents.

Mr. A. Patterson has returned from New York where he has been spending his vacation.

Great sorrow has been expressed here at the sad news of Mr. Oliver Morphy's tragic death in Lake Winnipeg. He had many warm friends and was highly esteemed by all. SYLVIA.

The combination band concert of the Queen's Own Rifles with the XIII. Battalion Band of Hamilton at the Academy of Music on October 13, promises to be a great success. Mr. Harold Jarvis will be the principal vocalist.

The ladies of Canada will see something to interest them in the beautiful display of Fancy Dress Goods, Flowers, Ribbons on view at the Misses Johnston's, 122 King street west.


## BACK AGAIN

The Reigning Musical Sensation

Pavilion, October 10 and 11

Matinee Saturday, October 11

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With the Original Company

Under the personal management of Mr. T. H. French.

Sale of seats begins Tuesday, October 7.

Prices—Night, 25c., 50c., 75c. and $1. Matinee, 25c., 50c. and 75c.

QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA
GRAND COMBINED BAND CONCERT
Academy of Music, Monday, Oct. 13

BY BANDS OF THE
XIII Battalion, Hamilton, and the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada
Assisted by Mr. HAROLD JARVIS

Popular prices—General admission 25c. Reserved seats 50c. Seats can be reserved at Mason & Risch's on Thursday, October 9 at 10 a.m. Checks issued at 8 a.m. same morning.

## RECITAL

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## JESSIE ALEXANDER

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ASSOCIATION HALL

ON

Tuesday, October 7

Admission 25c. Reserved 50c.
Plan opens at Nordheimers' Tuesday, September 30.

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SECOND ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT

On which occasion several of his Pupils will appear, whose names will be found in the Programme. He will be also kindly assisted by the following distinguished artists: Mme. F. D'Auria, Soprano; Miss Louie Gordon, Pianist; Signor Guiseppe Dinelli, Violincello. Conductor, Sig. Ed. Rubini.

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## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

### Births.

STARK—At Toronto, on September 25, Mrs. T. H. Stark—a son.
ROSS—At Oshawa, on September 29, Mrs. Robert Ross—a daughter.
BAILLIE—At Toronto, on September 23, Mrs. James E. Baillie—a daughter.
WEBBER—At Toronto, on September 23, Mrs. B. C. Webber—a daughter.
JOLLIFFE—At Toronto, on September 27, Mrs. George H. Jolliffe—a daughter.
DENTON—At Toronto, on September 25, Mrs. H. Denton—a daughter
DAVIES—At Toronto, on September 23, Mrs. Thomas Davis—a son.
SHAW—At Deloraine, Manitoba, on September 29, Mrs Charles E. Shaw—a daughter.
CLELAND—At Toronto, on September 24, Mrs. G. S. Cleland—twin daughters.
BOISSEAU—At New York, on September 18, Mrs. Edward Boisseau—a daughter.
GORDON—At Toronto, on September 30, Mrs. W. H. Lockhart Gordon—a son.
HARPER—At Toronto, on September 28, Mrs. A. Harper—a son.
WILLIAMSON—At Toronto, on September 27, Mrs. William Williamson—a daughter.
WATTS—At Toronto, on September 23, Mrs. A. P. Watts—a son.
THOMSON—At Toronto, on September 22, Mrs W. J. Thomson—a son.
BOULTER—At Toronto, on September 21, Mrs. Harry Boulter—a daughter.
BLACKWELL—At Hill House, Peterboro, on September 26, Mrs. William Blackwell—a son.
MUNRO—At Toronto, on October 1, Mrs. Newbury Munro—a daughter.
BROWN—At Toronto, on September 26, Mrs. W. J. Brown—a son.
PATERSON—At London, on September 26, Mrs. Harry C. Paterson—a daughter.

### Marriages.

JOHNSON—BOAKES—At Toronto, on September 23, Benjamin Johnson to Sarah Boakes.
JOHNSTON—GRAHAM—At Goderich, on September 23, Fred W. Johnston to Lena Graham.
BOOTH—MILLER—At West Liberty, Ohio, on September 24, Arthur G Booth of Toronto to Addie A. Miller.
COOPER—PHILLIPS—At Cobourg, on September 29, William John Cooper of Killarney, Man., to Jane Phillips.
MAY—THOMPSON—At Toronto, on September 29, Edwin Newton May of Reading, Berkshire, England, to Mabel Elizabeth Thompson.
CROMARTY—PARKER—At Toronto, on September 25, Robert B. Cromarty to Sara A. Parker.
TAYLOR—BROWN—At Toronto, on September 24, Alex. T. Taylor to Carrie A. Brown.
WADE—COOTES—At Toronto, Henry Wade of Kingston, to Minnie Cootes.
OAKLEY—HAY—At Toronto, on September 16, Dr. J. W. Oakley to Sella M. Hay.
LINDSAY—SELBY—At Toronto, on September 24, Rev. W. Lindsay of Oil Springs, Michigan, to Lillie L. Selby.
McCRAE—MARSHALL—At Niagara Falls, N.Y., on September 27, Andrew J. McCrae to Agnes Marshall.
TURNER—HICKLEBOROUGH—At St. Thomas, Ont., on September 25, Frederic Arnold Turner of Toronto, to Agnes Blanch Beatrice Micklebourough.
WALKER—FRASER—At Detroit, on September 24, Herbert B Walker of Windsor, to Annabella Fraser of Cobourg.
WARREN—RITCHIE—At Toronto, on September 25, William Charles Warren to Euphemia Ritchie.
ANDERSON—PERCIVAL—At Richmond Hill, on September 24, Robert A. Anderson of Vancouver, B.C., to Alice A Percival.
BALFE—DOYLE—At Toronto, on September 25, William J. Balfe of Port Arthur, to Mamie Doyle.
FRANKE—ROGERS—At Toronto, on September 24, A. A. Franke of Fort Wayne, Ind., to Kate Rogers.
MILLAR—McCALLUM—At Gladstone, North Dorchester, on September 25, John Millar to Kate McCallum.
SHEPARD—LACKIE—At Toronto, on September 24, Eli Shepard to Ida E Lackie.
LABELLE—BUTTERWORTH—On September 23, James S. Labelle to Flora T Butterworth.
CAMERON—CAMPLIN—At Toronto, on September 25, Robert Henderson Cameron to Lottie Camplin.
LEPPARD—JACKSON—At Toronto, on September 25, S. Leppard to Lizzie Jackson.
BERGON—BEE—At Chester, on September 17, John W. Berron to Swithie Bee.
McKENZIE—McPHERSON—At Poplar Hill, on September 25, George McKenzie, M.D., of Essex Center, to Minnie McPherson.
ASHDOWN—HIRONS—At Winnipeg, on September 10, Vincent E Ashdown to Edith Hirons of Windsor, Ont.
HENDERSON—SEIGLEY—At Toronto, on September 27, J. J. Henderson to Carrie E. Srigley.
McKEE—VANCE—At Toronto, on October 1, Thomas M Kee to Clara Vance.
CONGER—WOOD—At Toronto, on September 18, Charles S Conger to Nellie May Wood.
RUSE—McCULLAGH—At Toronto, on September 24, Prof. Charles Ruse to Rosalie Sydney McCullagh.

### Deaths.

MORPHY—Drowned on Lake Winnipeg, on or about September 9, Harry Oliver Morphy of Toronto, aged 31 years.
RACEY—At Tuscarora, on September 24, Susan Racey, aged 75 years.
WARD—At Toronto, on September 26, George Ward, aged 19 years.
TEVIOTDALE—At Toronto, on September 22, Frederick Joseph Teviotdale, aged 23 years.
MILNE—At Toronto, on September 24, Alexander Milne, aged 84 years.
CREYS—At Toronto, on September 25, Jane Creys, aged 66 years.
SISLEY—At Toronto, on September 29, Mrs. Euston Sisley of Maple aged 37 years.
STEPHEM—At Peterborough, on September 27, Catherine Beatrice Stephem, aged 16 years.
BOWN—At Brantford, on September 26, John Young Bown, M.R.C.S.E., aged 69 years
GOODMAN—At St. Catharines, on September 25, Mrs. Edwin Goodman, aged 52 years.
MILLAR—At London, Ont., on September 26, Thomas Millar, aged 10 years.
MURPHY—At Toronto, on September 26, James Murphy, aged 63 years.
REID—At Everett, on September 20, Alexander N. Reid, aged 25 years.
ROGERS—At Toronto, on September 26, Harriette Rogers.
CARROLL—At Toronto, on September 28, Nathaniel Carroll, aged 55 years.
CRANE—At Toronto, on September 30, Mrs. Samuel Crane, aged 44 years.
KAY—At Goderich, on September 25, Euphemia Cameron Kay, aged 35 years.
McCANN—At Toronto, on September 30, John McCann, aged 89 years.
McMAHON—At Port Dalhousie, on September 30, Heywood McMahon, aged 17 years.
WALKER—At Toronto, Henry Walker, aged 76 years.
IURIE—At Spencerville, on September 25, Mary Iurie, aged 64 years.
DOUGALL—At Windsor, on September 25, Francis J. Dougall, aged 54 years.

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